

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

244
H291p

254

Fannie L. Morton.

from Mother

Dec. 25, 1869.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/picturesfrombibl00have



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Pictures from the Bible.



BY COUSIN ALICE.

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 CHESNUT STREET.
1851.

Pictures from the Bible.

BY

Haven, Alice (Bradley)

ALICE B. NEAL,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN MORTON'S TRIAL," &C.

With Eighteen Engravings.

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 CHESNUT STREET.
1851.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
WILLIS P. HAZARD,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

PRINTED BY SMITH AND PETERS.

244
H291p

Illustrations.

		PAGE.
I.	CHRIST, THE REDEEMER	7
II.	CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN	14
III.	THE MOTHER OF OUR SAVIOUR	20
IV.	THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS	30
V.	THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT	42
VI.	CHRIST'S TEMPTATION	50
VII.	CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF CANAAN	64
VIII.	CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON	75
IX.	THE TRIBUTE MONEY	86
X.	CHRIST PRAYING ON THE MOUNT	97
XI.	CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS	108
XII.	THE TOMB OF CHRIST	120
XIII.	CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY IN THE GARDEN	132
XIV.	PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON BY THE ANGEL	143
XV.	PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS	152
XVI.	PAUL SHIPWRECKED	160
XVII.	ST. JOHN	168
XVIII.	AN ANGEL BINDING SATAN	174

FOR

MADGE AND ANNIE.

When I saw that you, as well as some other little girls of my acquaintance, were so interested in "Helen Morton's Trial," I thought that as soon as I could find leisure, I would write another book for children.

I had noticed, that many among my young friends seemed to think Sunday a very tiresome day; and I must confess that, when I was no older than you, it was so with me. One reason was, that I was very fond of reading, but did not find "Sunday books" interesting. We used to read many chapters in the Bible, but it always seemed like a history of something which we had no interest in; for though I *knew* of how much importance its holy teachings were, I could not *feel* it.

So now I thought I would try to interest those who call me "Cousin Alice," in some of the beautiful stories we find in the New Testament, that thus they might wish to read it for themselves, as a pleasure rather than a task. I found a portfolio of pictures the very things for my purpose; and these have been engraved, and are bound up in this volume, to illustrate the stories.

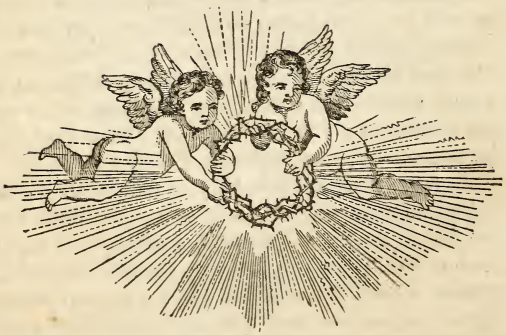
You will find, in the first place, that they make a complete narrative of the principle events in the life of our Saviour. Then there is a history of what his disciples did, after he left them; and so you will see how the Christian church — which now has so many thousand members in every part of the world — was first formed.

And that the blessing of HIM who has "caused *all* Holy Scripture to be written for our learning," may come not only to you, but to every house which this little book may enter,

Is the sincere wish of

Your friend,

ALICE B. NEAL.



Pictures from the Bible.

THE FIRST PICTURE.

CHRIST, THE REDEEMER.

"To-MORROW is Sunday," said Fannie Elliott.

It was the close of a very bright afternoon, which the little people at Oatlands had enjoyed very much.

"Sunday! Oh, dear, so it is. I *hate* Sunday," answered her cousin Dora.

"What a dreadful thing to say! Fie on you, Dora!"

"Well! I don't care, I do hate it, and I 'm not going to tell a lie, and pretend it 's pleasant. I don't like going to school, and it 's worse at home. I wish there was n't any Sunday."

Dora was a pretty little girl about seven years old. She was on a visit to Oatlands from Boston, where her papa lived. Oatlands was the name of Mr. Elliott's place; and Fannie and Carrie, the two little girls sitting by Dora, were his daughters. They had been at play in the garden, until the sun began to sink in the west. Now they sat on the piazza, and were fanning themselves with their white-cape bonnets, after a race up the broad walk.

"*I* think Sunday is very pleasant," said Carrie, who was older than either of the others, and quieter, too. "I like to go to church in the morning always. In the afternoon we never go out. The walk is too long, and we have the nicest little Bible lessons. Don't we, Fannie?"

"Yes," said Fannie, "in mamma's room. She teaches us, and we sit with her an hour and a half."

"After that, we are let walk in the garden," continued her sister. "That is if we have been attentive to mamma. We go quietly about, but we never run or race on Sunday. Sometimes papa walks with us. We like that, because he tells us such beautiful things about God's caring

for the birds and the lilies. Why, *I* think Sunday is *lovely!*"

"Well," said Dora, a little obstinate in her tone, "I can't think how Sunday *could* be anything but tiresome. At home, we have such a dull breakfast. Then we children are paraded to church; and have to sit as still as mice. If we whisper once, we have an ever so long Bible lesson to learn for a punishment. Then comes Sunday-school, with cross Miss Dayton for my teacher. After that, church again — when I 'm so tired, I feel as if my neck was breaking off. If it 's a rainy day, or we can't go out, we have such dull books to read — sermons I can't understand. Julia reads them out loud. Or there are hymns to learn, and then comes prayers. I always wake up Monday morning, and feel so glad that it 's all over with for a whole week."

Fannie looked very much troubled, and so did Carrie; but they did not know how to answer their cousin, without seeming rude.

"Let 's go into mamma, and ask her why Sunday ought to be a happy day," said Carrie, at last. "I know; but she can tell us better."

So the little girls went into Mrs. Elliott's

room. She did not get up from the easy-chair, for she was pale and ill, but she smiled, and held out her hands to them.

"Dora thinks Sunday is a tiresome day, mamma, and I want you to tell her why we ought to love it."

"Because, my daughter, 'God blessed and hallowed it' at the creation of the world. He appointed it a day of rest for all creatures. We should give at least one day in seven to the service of so kind a friend and father. And then, you will remember that Christ our Redeemer rose from the dead the first day of the week—the Christian Sabbath. We must try to remember this, if we wish it to be a pleasant day. Why do you think it tiresome, Dora?"

"Because we can't play, or do anything, aunt Margaret, and I think good books are tiresome."

"Even the Bible will seem tiresome, if it is not read properly. Do you understand what you read?"

"No, aunt, I don't think I do. Perhaps that is one reason why it is so dull. Mrs. Newton has no time to explain it to us. I wish I had a mamma, instead of a governess."

Mrs. Elliott looked sad. Dora's mamma had been her favourite sister. She died when Dora was still a baby.

"Mrs. Newton is very kind to you, no doubt. But I will be your mamma while you pay us this long visit, Dora. We will see if we cannot help you to love Sunday, and the Bible, too. Carrie, my dear, will you hand me that portfolio from my dressing-table?"

You may be sure they were very anxious to see what this pretty new portfolio contained. A set of beautiful pictures they thought, from one glance, as Mrs. Elliott opened it. She selected one, and said, "These pictures illustrate some of the scenes in our Saviour's life. Suppose, instead of our Bible lesson on Sunday afternoon, we take one of these pictures, and find out all we can about it. That will teach and interest us at the same time."

Carrie thought it would be excellent. So did Fannie; but Dora said nothing.

Then Mrs. Elliott gave them the picture she had selected. It was the head of our Saviour, which you will find on the first page of this book. The eyes were sad and mournful, and

the children looked at it a long time without speaking. Then Carrie said—

"Does it not look as if he was sorry for this wicked world, mamma?"

"But is it really a portrait of our Saviour? like yours that hangs in the parlour?" asked Fannie.

"No, my dear; we have no authentic or real portrait, believed to be so by any one, although many claim to be. Many different painters have imagined the face of our Master, and have painted it as they thought he would appear. You remember the picture that hangs in your uncle's parlour in Boston, of the little girl leading her blind father? Now, I do not suppose either of those people ever lived; but the artist had imagined how they might have looked.

"How *imagined*, aunt?" asked Dora.

"Well, my dear, to make it plainer. Before they brought the picture of your own mamma home to Boston, while your papa had it with him abroad, did you not sometimes wonder how she had looked?"

"Oh, very often; and it was so strange that I thought almost right, too. Only my mamma

that I dreamed about had blue eyes, and my real mamma's eyes were hazel."

"Then what you call dreaming, was, in reality, imagining. So, as the painter imagined the little girl and her blind father, and you the face of your dead mother, the artist who drew these pictures has imagined Christ. None of them are real portraits; but they illustrate, or explain, real scenes. It is as if some one should know that three little girls were at play in a nice arbour, as you have been doing, and should paint a picture of you, without having seen your faces. The scene would be similar to that from the window, and the little girls would look just about as you have looked, while I sat here watching you, though the faces might not be the same. Do you understand any better, now?"

"Oh, very much better," said they all; "and shall we commence to-morrow?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, the very next afternoon," Mrs. Elliott said; and then, as she kissed them all, when cousin Jane came to put them to bed, she bade them not forget to place themselves under the protection of Heaven, before they slept.

THE SECOND PICTURE.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Dora did not find the morning as dull as she had expected. All the family but Mrs. Elliott and one servant went to church. As Oatlands was not in the village, it was quite a long walk; but Mr. Elliott never allowed the carriage to be used unless it was stormy. They came home through the fields, and saw the wood violets growing by a little brook. They were in beautiful clusters of purple and white, half hidden under broad green leaves. The birds were singing in the warm sunshine, and the wind blew soft and cool. There were no sounds to break the quiet of the day, and Dora thought she had never enjoyed a walk more.

The children talked about the portfolio as they walked home. They wondered if it would be as interesting as they expected. Carrie said, "Mamma always made anything interesting;" and Fannie thought it was very good in their papa to bring home the pictures from Boston.

After dinner, which was very plain, they went into Mrs. Elliott's room. She was much better than usual, and her chair was drawn up close to the window. The portfolio was lying upon her knee, and she was waiting for them.

"I think it will be a very good plan," said she, "to give you a picture by turns, to find out all you can about the story. I will tell you the subject without showing it to you, and then you can think about it through the week. How would you like this?"

"Oh, very much," said the little girls.

"Well, then, as we have not had time to prepare anything for to-day, I will trust to what you have already learned. Carrie, as you are the eldest, and have read the most, we will begin with you. Here is a picture of Christ blessing little children. It does not come first in the order of our Saviour's life, but I thought

it would be very appropriate to begin with. What do you remember about it?"

"The mothers brought the little children—" began Carrie, with some hesitation, for she was very shy.

"Brought them to whom, my dear?"

"To our Saviour, when he was on the earth."

"And why did they bring them?"

"That he might bless them; was it not, mamma?"

"And did our Saviour's disciples smile upon the children, and place them in his arms?"

"The Bible does not say so. The disciples did not like it, did they, mamma?"

"And why should they be displeased, do you think?—Can you tell, Fannie?"

"I suppose they were afraid it would trouble him, when he had so many things to think about."

"Well, that may have been the cause. Now, what did the Saviour do, Carrie?"

"He was very much displeased at his disciples, and he took the little children from their mothers, and blessed them kindly."

"There is a pretty text that you learned

about that. Can you remember it?" said Mrs. Elliott.

"*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.*" The little girls repeated this together, slowly and distinctly, as you should always repeat Scripture. There is nothing more painful than to hear little boys and girls hurry over their Bible lessons in a thoughtless, irreverent manner.

Then they all looked at the picture which Mrs. Elliott gave them. There were the little children kneeling before our Saviour, and looking up into his face, as if they loved him. One little thing who could just walk seemed springing from his mother's arms. There were the mothers themselves, looking solemn and thoughtful. They knew, if the children did not, how great a blessing they had gained. And the disciples could be seen, looking ashamed at having done anything which displeased their Master, who stood in the midst of the group. His hands were raised above the little figures that knelt before him, and there was a sweet smile on his face.

The children thought they should never be tired with looking at it.

"Oh, how I wish Christ was on the earth now," said Fannie very earnestly, after a little while.

"Why, Fannie?" asked Dora, softly.

"Because perhaps he would bless us, too, and then we should never do wrong again, and should be sure of going to heaven."

"Never do wrong, Fannie?" said her mamma, smiling kindly. "I am afraid that could not be, as long as we are left in the midst of so much temptation. But Christ's blessing does indeed prepare us for heaven. And that blessing he will give us now as freely as when he walked upon the earth. All of you may kneel before him daily, if you wish it, and he will see you as plainly as if he was standing in the room. He can read every thought of your hearts, and has the power to grant all your wishes. And as those mothers brought their children to Christ, so I would bring mine. It is my fervent wish that the blessing you need so much may be given to you. You must choose for yourselves whether you will receive it."

Mrs. Elliott spoke very gravely, and even Dora was attentive. They talked much longer about the picture, so that it was almost dark when the portfolio was put up again. Dora thought she liked Bible lessons, on the whole, if this was one; though it did not seem like a lesson at all. She wondered why Miss Dayton could not teach them so, for she was sure she should always remember about *Christ blessing little children.*

THE THIRD PICTURE.

THE MOTHER OF OUR SAVIOUR.

The last Bible lesson formed the subject of many a long talk the next week. Dora thought it was best to begin at the very commencement of our Saviour's life. "What did he have to come into the world for at all to save us?" said she.

"Well, because we never should have gone to heaven — any one in the world, I mean," answered Carrie.

"But how did we all get so naughty? I'm sure I don't think I ever did anything very bad, quite of my own accord."

"Wouldn't it have been charming, Carrie, if everybody had been made here in the world



THE ANNUNCIATION.

as good as they are in heaven?" Fannie looked as if she thought this would have been much better.

"God thought it was not best, I suppose," answered her sister. "Let us remember all these things, and ask mamma about them next Sunday."

So then the little girls would run off to their hoops and dolls again, until something else called up their Bible lesson to recollection.

It was very pleasant at Oatlands. The house was large and beautiful. It stood on a gently-sloping hill, and the lawn was bounded by a beautiful stream of clear water. The flower garden opened from the parlour windows. Then there was the poultry yard, Fannie's especial charge, where she went every morning, with "Cousin Jane," to feed the chickens. Cousin Jane had lived with them a great many years. She took care of the house, now that Mrs. Elliott was ill, and attended to the wardrobes of the little girls. She was kind and gentle, but very pale, and very quiet. Fannie seemed to be her favourite, although she was very good to them all.

But I was telling you about the house. Mrs. Elliott's own room was directly over the parlour, and it opened upon an upper piazza. When the weather was fine, she could sometimes be wheeled out here, and watch the little girls at their play. She was not so ill as to be in bed much of the time, or to be idle when sitting up. She read and sewed, and could knit, too, although she could not walk across the room.

There was a stand of beautiful hot-house plants on this piazza. Cousin Jane took care of them now; and a bird Dora had brought from Boston hung in its pretty cage near Mrs. Elliott's window.

Mr. Elliott rode to town every morning after breakfast, and did not return until night-fall. The children had a play hour, as they called it, until ten. Then they came in, and after brushing their hair neatly, and putting on clean aprons, they came to Mrs. Elliott's room. Here the lessons of the day before were reviewed, and new ones given out. Their lessons were not very difficult. Dora had a little book, called "Simple Facts," which they liked very much.

It told them how sugar was made; about the use of cotton, and hemp, and a great many other interesting things. There was a little verse at the end of every chapter. The children liked this best of all their lessons, it was written in such an easy, simple style. Geography Carrie liked very much, but Fannie could not bear "map lessons." They were learning the multiplication table, and had commenced reading a little book called "Outlines of American History."

Mrs. Elliott did not wish to have the children study too much; but still she did not think it best for them to play all the while. Their lessons never lasted but two hours, though they were usually very diligent all this time. After dinner they sewed an hour, while Cousin Jane read aloud to their mamma. Sometimes they could understand these large books very well, and it was quite interesting. At other times the sewing hour was very dull.

Carrie sewed more neatly than any of them, and was now heming a set of handkerchiefs for her papa. Dora did not like sewing at all. She had never been accustomed to it before she

came to Oatlands. She broke the thread, and bent her needle, and gave Carrie a great deal of trouble. And then she was famous for knots! She never could get them out herself. I wonder how it happens, that idle little girls find their thread knot more easily than those who are industrious.

But I must hurry on to our next picture. I have only told you these things that you might feel better acquainted with our little friends, so that you would be more interested to read about them. Mrs. Elliott had one son. He was older than either of the girls, and had been sent away to school, after his mother became ill. His sisters were very fond of him, and they had a great deal to say about the time when he should come home for the holidays. This would be before long, and a little schoolfellow was to come with him. They wondered very often if Lewis would be much grown, and what kind of a boy Henry Lord would prove to be.

"A week from to-day they will be here," said Carrie, on Saturday night, after they had come from a fresh nice bath, and were taking their clean clothes out of the drawer, to be ready on Sunday morning.

"That puts me in mind of something," said Dora. "What was the subject aunt gave you to read about this week?"

"She did not give me any at all. We are to wait for that until the boys come; then we shall go on regularly. Mamma will teach us to-morrow herself."

The picture proved to be, the mother of our Lord listening to the angel who had come to tell her that she had been chosen to the great honour of being the mother of the Saviour of the world. It was a very pretty scene. The beautiful young woman, kneeling in surprise and astonishment at such a strange visitor. Her head was bent low, and her long white veil hung about her shoulders. Her hands were clasped, and though the attitude was not one of worship, it displayed reverence, humility, and gentleness.

"But, mamma, angels never do really come to the earth, do they?" asked Fannie, after they had all looked at it.

"Not now, my love, or at least we never see them, if they do. But we often read about their visiting the people of the Old Testament. Do

you remember any place that you have read, or heard me read?"

"Did not one come to Hagar in the desert, mamma?"

"What is that?" asked Dora; "I do not remember it."

"Not remember about Hagar? Oh, it's such a lovely story!" said Fannie.

"Yes, about her going out into a desert where there wasn't any water, and after they had gone about ever so long—"

"She had her little son with her—don't forget that, Carrie—"

"No. Her son was named Ishmael, (I don't think that 's pretty,) and she had quarrelled with her mistress about him. Well, the little boy was dying with thirst—"

"Only think—how dreadful, Dora—"

"And she could not bear to see him die. So she laid him under a tree—wasn't it, mamma? and went away and covered up her face. And then an angel called to her out of heaven, and told her that she must not give up so; and after all there was water very near—a spring. She gave it to her son, and he got better, and lived to be a great man."

"Oh, I'm so glad he didn't die," said Dora, who had been very much interested.

"Then there were the angels who came and told Lot that Sodom would be destroyed," said Mrs. Elliott.

"And when Daniel was in the lion's den, did not some angels come and keep them from hurting him, Carrie?"

"Yes, I remember that; and about Balaam —something about Balaam, mamma."

"That was when he went to curse the children of Israel, and his curses were turned to blessings. I am glad to see that you remember so much about the Old Testament, my dear. There are many other examples, but these will do for the present. We shall find out more about them in our next lesson."

"Oh, now we can ask mamma how it was that our Saviour had to come into the world at all. Was not that what you wanted to know, Dora?"

"I said, aunt Margaret, that I did not see why it was, that we were all so wicked, that anybody had to die for us before we could go to heaven. It's that I find so much in the

Bible which I can't understand. When I can't understand things I always get stupid, and I don't like to read when I feel so."

"You are not yet old enough to understand fully this 'mystery of sin.' But suppose your uncle had killed some one, and was to be executed. The judge might say, if there was any one to die in his place, he could go free. Do you see that it would be necessary to find some one else, or he would be punished?"

"Yes, I see that."

"Well, all who live upon the earth have sinned against the law of the great Judge of the universe. The sentence was the death of the soul. But he was very kind, and sent his only Son, to die for us, that is, in our place. Now, who was the Son of God?"

"Our Saviour."

"And do you understand it any better now?"

"A little better, I think—and the angel was sent to tell that he was going to come into the world, right among all the wicked people—was that it?"

"Yes, he came to Mary, a gentle Jewish woman, and told her that she was to be more

honoured than any one who had ever lived before; because the infancy, and the childhood of the Son of God, was trusted to her care. He was to be given, a little helpless babe, into her arms, that she might watch over him."

"I think she ought to have been very glad," said Fannie.

"Some think that because she was the mother of our Lord, we are to worship her; but none but God himself is to be worshipped," continued Mrs. Elliott. "She was a pure and lovely woman, I have no doubt; but now that she is in heaven, she cannot grant us anything herself. Our Saviour has said,

"'*Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.*'

"And now, as I do not feel very well this afternoon, we will put up the portfolio, and you may learn that text, and say it to each other. Try to think what a blessed thing it would be to be called the *sister* of our Redeemer."

THE FOURTH PICTURE.

THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS.

THERE was a great deal of preparation for the boys. They were to have a large, nice room, which was made as neat as possible. All the books which Lewis used to like, were collected here. There was a little table by the window, where his paint-box and pencils were placed; for Lewis was very fond of drawing, and had already made great progress in the study. His sisters had some sketches of his, which they preserved with great care; and these were taken out and shown to Dora, who admired them very much.



THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS.

"It seems a great while till Saturday—does n't it, Dora?" said Fannie, as she stood there with the sketches in her hand.

"Thursday, Friday, Saturday — three whole days; because it will be night before they get here. But I don't remember Lewis very well."

"I suppose you don't care as much as we do; but then there 's Henry Lord — we never saw him. Lewis is ten years old, and Henry is eleven. I 'm afraid he will be rough."

"It 's almost time for papa to come," called out Carrie, from the stairs. "Come, girls, and let us get on our clean aprons."

"Yes, there 's the carriage now," said Dora; "I see it through the trees. But uncle is not alone in it. Dear me, what a great pile of trunks are behind — only look, Carrie!"

"That 's Lewis, now, looking out of the window. Oh, mamma, Lewis has come!" shouted Fannie.

True enough; there was Lewis himself, so impatient that he could scarcely wait for the carriage to stop. Mrs. Elliott turned very pale, for she had not expected him, and the surprise startled her. The next moment her son was

bounding up stairs, and then he threw both arms about her neck, and kissed her heartily.

"There — there, Lewis, that will do; you will smother your mamma," said Mr. Elliott, laughingly. "And here is your visiter waiting to be introduced to her. Your sisters are here, too, and this is your cousin Dora."

"Why, little Dora, how you have grown! And this is Henry Lord, mamma, my room-mate, and a capital fellow."

The visiter proved to be a very pleasant-looking lad, with bright clear blue eyes, that said a great deal, though he himself was quiet and reserved. The children were a little shy at first, but after a while they grew better friends.

"There 's the bell for prayers," said Carrie, as they all stood on the piazza, watching the sunset.

"Yes; and that puts me in mind of our Bible lessons. Oh, Lewis, we have such nice times in mamma's room every Sunday afternoon, and now it will be so much better, because you have come. Do *you* like such things?" and Fannie turned to their young guest as she spoke.

"I do not exactly know what you mean by

'such things;' but if you enjoy them, I suppose we shall," was the answer.

"Well, you will see on Sunday; for I know mamma gave Carrie the subject of the picture, (we have pictures to explain,) although we do not know what it is. And Carrie is to find out all she can about it, and then tell us."

Sunday proved to be a rainy day, and only the boys went to church. Carrie was busy all the morning reading the Old Testament, while Dora and Fannie learned a beautiful little poem from a book Lewis had brought, called "The Child's Christian Year." This they were to repeat after the lesson.

The boys were very glad to rest, after their long muddy walk, and they all gathered in Mrs. Elliott's room. It was a very pretty picture. "Aunt Margaret," as Dora called her, with the large portfolio open upon the table. The two boys in the window-seat near her, and the little girls in their own low chairs, just as they always sat at lessons. The rain came driving against the windows every now and then. The wind bent the trees in the garden; but it was all the pleasanter to sit there so secure from the storm,

and so comfortable. Cousin Jane came into the Bible lesson this afternoon, and Mr. Elliott had gone back to church again.

"The picture," said Mrs. Elliott, at the same time handing it to Carrie, "is the scene on the plains of Bethlehem, when the angels announced the birth of our Lord to the shepherds."

"Oh, there is another time that angels appeared! We did not think of that," exclaimed Fannie.

So they all looked at the picture, and saw the sheep scattered about upon the grass. There were the shepherds, too, their faces full of astonishment, and the angel in his bright and shining garments.

"I found the story in the second chapter of Luke," said Carrie. "Our Saviour was born in Bethlehem, a little town in a country called Judea. I found it on the great map of the Holy Land, in papa's Scripture Geography. There were some shepherds watching their flocks in the neighbourhood. It was in the middle of the night. All at once, there was a great light in the sky."

"How frightened they must have been," said Dora.

"I think the Bible says '*they were sore afraid*' —does it not, Carrie?"

"Yes, mamma, those are the very words."

"Well,—and what happened them?"

"Why, the angel spoke to them, and said they must not feel so. I learned the verses just as they were.

"'*Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.*

"'*For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*'"

"Was that all the angel said?"

"No; he told them where they would find the babe. In a manger—such a strange place, I think."

"Oh, I remember about that," said Fannie. "The houses were so full, that there was no room for them; so they staid in a stable. That's what the hymn says, 'Where the horned oxen fed.'"

"Then, to go on, mamma. All at once, while this angel spoke, there was a great many more angels together in the sky. They sang a beautiful song, and said—

"'*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.*'"

"They sing that at our church, on Christmas," said Dora.

"But I think it must have sounded more beautiful there," said Henry, almost blushing to find himself speaking. "Only think of the music floating up through the clouds, and the night so still, and the angels with such sweet voices."

Mrs. Elliott smiled a little, when she said, "You are right, Henry—it can never sound so again. It was a heavenly message from the Creator of the world, to all those who were then living, or ever should dwell upon it. A token that a Redeemer had been sent among us. He came in the form of a gentle infant, that slept in his mother's arms, as Lewis has done in mine. '*Glory to God in the highest*,' for it was to His goodness and mercy that we owed all this. '*On earth peace*;' peace from the war of sin, and '*good-will towards man*.' What greater good-will could there be? For God so loved the world, that he sent his only Son to us. The message was full of comfort to all mankind."

"But how came the shepherds to be out lying on the ground in the middle of the night?" asked Dora, who had been looking at the picture, instead of listening to her aunt.

"Can you tell your cousin, Lewis?" asked Mrs. Elliott. "Who were shepherds, in old times?"

"Why, almost every one, in old times, used to be, or a great many people were. It was very honourable then. Rich men used to own a great many sheep—hundreds and hundreds, I suppose. Well, then, of course some one must attend to them, Dora. Sometimes they hired people to do this; but the sons of these rich men were often shepherds."

"Yes. Joseph's brothers were, and he was sent to see about them. I read about that this morning," said Carrie.

"And David kept his father's sheep before he killed Goliah. Don't you remember that?" added Henry.

"I wonder how you can remember so much about the Bible," said Dora. "For my part, the more Miss Dayton read to us, the less I seemed to know about it. Now, I don't recol-

lect anything about Joseph, only that his father made him a coat with a great many colours."

"Do you think you shall ever forget about the shepherds, Dora, or Hagar?"

"Oh, no, aunt Margaret; I did not just sit down and study that, you know."

"Well, your cousins have always been accustomed to read the Bible as if it were something to be talked about, instead of a hated task. I wish them to have a reverence for it as the word of God, and an interest in reading it as the history of his chosen people. Henry's excellent father has, no doubt, taught him the same lesson. I have heard many a fine sermon from him."

"Why, is your father a clergyman?" said Dora.

"I thought you girls knew that before he came, I'm sure," returned Lewis, quickly. "Of course he is, and I've attended his church."

"But to go back to the picture," said Carrie. "I suppose they hardly knew whether they were dreaming or not—the shepherds, I mean—until they went to see if what the angels had said was true."

"But you did not tell us exactly what they said."

"Oh, no — I forgot. The next verse is—

"'*And this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.*'

"So they said to each other that they would go and look for this little baby. And when they came to Bethlehem, it was just as the angels had said. There it was, and the mother, too."

"And that little child was the Saviour of the world. See how humbly he came, my children," said Mrs. Elliott; "when he might have been born in a palace, if he had chosen. It was so that the humblest of his people might feel that they had a friend in him."

"Mrs. Elliott, was he not often called the Shepherd of his flock?" said Henry, as she finished speaking.

"He gives that title to himself, my dear. It expresses a great deal. The shepherd watched over his charge day and night. He kept them from straying away. He found out pleasant fields for them, and brooks where they could drink."

Then Mrs. Elliott took a Testament, and read from the tenth chapter of St. John—

"*I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.*

"*But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.*

"*The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.*

"*I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.*

"*As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for my sheep.*

"*Therefore doth my father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again.*"

"Do you understand that, Dora?" said she, laying down the book.

"Oh, a great deal better than I should have done. Because now I know how shepherds took care of their flock, and how they kept the wolves off."

"And, then, our Saviour really did die for us?" said Carrie.

"We shall learn more of that as we go on," replied her mother. "I wonder if you will continue to be as much interested as you have been this afternoon? Do you know it is half an hour longer than our usual lesson? and Dora has not yawned once."

"And Dora thinks Sunday is so tiresome," said Fannie.

"Oh, not now, Fannie, I 'm sure! I like it at Oatlands very much. It 's different from Boston Sundays."

"Or school Sundays, either," said Lewis, laughing at Dora's odd remark. "But home is nicer than anywhere else, every day in the week."

"We shall not have time for your little poem to-day," said Mrs. Elliott, to Fannie and Dora; "we will have it before our lesson next week. Fannie may have the next picture, and I will help her study it out."

THE FIFTH PICTURE.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

"And now," said Fannie, when they were assembled in Mrs. Elliott's room, the following Sunday, "let Dora and I say that little hymn before we begin the lesson."

The rest thought this would be a good plan. So here is the poem as they repeated it:

ANGELS.

The holiest who dwell on earth,
Must struggle here with sin,
And humbly seek the gate of heaven,
Through Jesus enter in.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

But thanks be unto God! there is
A bright and happy host,
Who never by the slightest sin
Their innocence have lost.

How lovely must their faces be,
Who have no evil thought;
How boundless their intelligence,
By heavenly wisdom taught.

They dwell about their Maker's throne
Till they are wrapped with light,
And not the foulest air of earth
Can stain their robes of white.

Although the presence of their God
Is their exalted home,
On missions of the purest love
Unto the world they come.

Their shining hosts are filled with joy,
If but a child repent;
In minist'ring to humble saints
Their mighty power is spent.

And yet a holy angel's prayer
No mortal need desire,
For we are nearer to the Lord
Than all the angel-choir.

The blessed Saviour on the earth
In human nature stood,
That he might wash our guilt away,
And bring us near to God.

"That would do very nicely to go with our second lesson," said Mrs. Elliott, "and very beautiful it is. We are much obliged to you for learning it. Now, Miss Fannie, can you tell us what your picture is?"

"It seems to be in the country, mamma. There are mountains, and a river, and great heavy black rocks; then in the middle of all, there are two people. A man, who looks as if he was travelling; and he is leading an ass, or donkeys we call them, on which a lady sits. The lady has a little baby in her arms."

"And who are the people, Fannie?"

"Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Joseph her husband, and our Saviour himself is the child."

"They look as if they were going on a long journey. What can you tell me about it."

"They are flying to Egypt, to get out of the way of wicked king Herod."

"Well, tell us why they were afraid of him; try and remember all you have read to me this week."

"The shepherds told every one what they had seen; that was the first of it. So it spread

until the king heard about the little baby, and he was very much troubled."

"Why should a great and powerful king be troubled because a little child had been born, and laid in a manger. Can you tell the girls, Henry?"

"The Jews were not an independent people then. The Romans had conquered the country, and put a king over them. But the Jews were thinking all the while, that some day a king of their own should come, and they would be free from the Romans once more."

"I suppose Herod had heard of this, mamma?" said Lewis.

"That king they looked for was to be the Saviour of their nation, they thought," continued Henry.

"Oh, was it because they were afraid this was the Saviour?" asked Dora, eagerly.

"And then Herod would have to give up being king," said Fannie. "Oh, I don't wonder he was troubled, mamma!"

"And what did he do about it, Fannie?"

"Why there were wise men, who came and told him about it; and they talked together.

And Herod told them to go and see if they could find the little baby, and then they must let him know. So they travelled on, and travelled on, a great many days, and a beautiful star went before them, and led them. Then it came to the place, and the star stopped in the sky. I think that 's the most beautiful part of the story, mamma. So they went into the house, and they found the little baby and his mother, and they fell down and worshipped him."

"Why worship anything in the earth?" said Dora; "is not that wicked, aunt?"

"But you forget, my dear, that Christ was equal with God. 'The Father and Son together are worshipped and glorified.'"

"Well, to go on, mamma. They brought such beautiful things, and gave this little child 'gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.'"

"What is frankincense and myrrh, Carrie?" asked Mrs. Elliott.

"Precious gums, I believe; that cost ever so much, and they used them for perfumes, and in the temple."

"They were burned in the altar fires, (were they not, Mrs. Elliott?) in the service, and they made ointment of them."

"When we read about ointments in the Bible," said Mrs. Elliott, "it means a peculiar sort of perfume, several kinds mixed; something as we make cologne-water, only it was much thicker, and cost a great deal more. They were used in embalming the dead, and only very rich people could afford to have them. The frankincense and myrrh were probably as costly as the gold itself. But go on, Fannie."

"Herod thought this little child should not grow up to be king instead of him. Oh, I forgot to say that the wise men went back to their own country without telling him anything. So he made a dreadful law, that all the children under two years old should be killed."

"Then I suppose he thought our Saviour would certainly be among them," said Dora.

"He was mistaken about that, though," answered Lewis, "because they carried off the little child, and—"

"Hush, my son, you forget that your sister is telling the story."

"Lewis was right about it," said Fannie.

"But how did they know it time enough?" asked Dora.

"God told them about it in a dream. Joseph knew it, and he took his wife, and the little child, and fled. That is what the picture is about; they are going to Egypt."

"And there they were safe as possible," said Dora. "Oh, I'm so glad of that. But were all those other little children killed?"

"Yes, the cruel law was obeyed," said Mrs. Elliott.

"Oh, how dreadfully their mothers must have felt! Just think of it, Fannie."

"You see how much sorrow one cruel, wicked person may cause," said Mrs. Elliott.

"How long did they stay in Egypt?" asked Carrie.

"Until Herod was dead. Then they were not afraid any more till they got almost home again. They found that his son was king instead of him. So they did not go just where they lived before. I suppose our Saviour must have been a great deal older by that time, wasn't he, mamma?"

"We do not find much about his early childhood in the Testament, but there is one incident related which our pictures say nothing

about. For Sunday's lesson Carrie may tell us about this; and Henry will take the next picture, if he would like to join us."

Henry said he would try and do as well as he could. He seemed to know a great deal more about the Bible than the other children. In the first place, he was older. Then he had been an only child at home, and his father being a clergyman, of course it was more natural that he should have had the Bible well explained. He had a good memory, and was the best scholar in the class at the school to which he had been sent at the time of his mother's death, a year before. He came to pass the long summer holidays with Lewis, because he had no home. Lewis was very fond and proud of him, and he was very much pleased when he saw that his mother liked Henry almost as much as he did.

U. OF ILL. LIB.

THE SIXTH PICTURE.

CHRIST'S TEMPTATION.

"Come, Dora, it's time for our lesson," said Fannie, as three o'clock struck.

"Oh, I don't want to go, at all. I wish we did n't have any. I 'd a great deal rather read this very interesting book. Just see; it 's about Cinderella and the little glass slipper. I found it on Lewis's table."

"Why," said Carrie, who stood waiting for them, "that 's not a Sunday book, at all. I should not think you would read it to-day, Dora."

"I don't see what difference it makes, I am sure, if it 's a good book to read any time."



THE SECOND TEMPTATION.

"Do *you* think it 's right to read fairy tales on Sunday?" asked Fannie, appealing to Henry, who stood on the stairs with a neatly-folded paper in his hand.

"No, I do not," was the decided answer.

"I don't see why," persisted Dora.

"Well, my father told me, when he found me with the 'Arabian Nights' once between churches, that Sunday had been given us to prepare for another world, and reading such stories did not do much towards it."

"No; and it 's not keeping the Sabbath-day holy—for it 's a kind of play," said Carrie.

"I choose to do it," answered Dora, angrily; "and I shall, so there, now"—and she turned away from them all, as they stood there sorrowfully.

"Won't you come to mamma's room? Please do," said Fannie.

"No, I will *not*"—and Dora spoke more crossly than ever, for she felt that she was doing wrong; and when we feel so, we are very apt to make other people the sufferers.

"You certainly shall not," said a deep voice near them, which made them all start. They

did not know any one was listening; Mr. Elliott had come to the door of his own room.

"I shall tell your aunt that you are not to join her little class again, until you can feel more docile and reasonable. The rest had better go at once. Their mother will expect them. Dora will stay in her own room until tea-time."

You can imagine how very much troubled they all felt, as they left Dora to herself. Each of them felt as if the fault had been with them, although it was Dora's entirely. The truth was, her old weariness of Sunday had come back again. She began to think that it was very hard, not only to have to go to church, but to have a Bible lesson at home besides. Then she found this nice new book on a table in the boys' room. She went in for a pencil she had lent Lewis the night before. The pretty cover attracted her attention, and, without thinking whether it was right or not, she had carried it off into her own room. She felt she was doing wrong as soon as Fannie spoke to her, but she was determined not to show it. Poor child! to give way to such an ill-temper!

But let us go to Mrs. Elliott's room with the children, and leave Dora to her own thoughts.

They did not feel as happy as usual, for they missed their cousin. Carrie was to commence, as she had the childhood of our Saviour to speak of.

"The story mamma meant," said she, "was 'Christ talking with the doctors in the Temple.' When I was about as large as Dora, I used to think it meant real doctors, like those that come to see us when we are sick. But I asked papa one day, and he told me it meant men who were learned about holy things — about God's law, and the ceremonies he had commanded the children of Israel to attend to."

"How did our Saviour come to the Temple, when he did not live in Jerusalem, where it was placed?" asked Mrs. Elliott.

"His father and mother went every year to the Feast of the Passover, the Testament says."

'What is that, mamma?" asked Fannie.

"You remember about Joseph and his brethren, do you not?" said Mrs. Elliott. How there was a famine, and they all came to live in Egypt? After a time, the king, who loved

Joseph and protected him and his family, died. The Jews were sometimes called the 'Children of Israel,' because they were descended from Jacob, whom God himself named Israel, when he talked with them at Bethel. Whose son was Jacob, Lewis?"

"The son of Isaac, the son of Abraham; and it was to Abraham that God first promised a Saviour to the world. We learned that in the last sermon we heard before we came away from school."

"Why, I don't remember it, Lewis," said Henry.

"Dr. Porter explained to us, that God made a new covenant with Abraham, when he found he was so ready to offer up Isaac. He said, in thy children or descendants 'shall all the nations of the earth be blessed;' and that could only mean our Saviour, because no other person had blessed all the world."

"I am glad you remember so well, for you are quite right," said Mrs. Elliott. "As I was going to tell you, Fannie, the Jews grew to be a great nation, and were very much oppressed by the people of the land where they lived.

After a long time, they were delivered from this bondage, as Lewis and Henry will remember, by means of fearful plagues sent to the Egyptians. The last, was the death of the oldest son in every family. But none of the Israelites died, because they sprinkled the blood of a lamb upon the door-posts, and the angel of death passed by this token. So God commanded them always to keep a feast of celebration, called the Passover, to remember this great deliverance by; something as we celebrate Christmas. The Jews were very faithful to this; and as there was but one great church or temple in all their country, they went every year to Jerusalem, where it was situated, to keep this festival."

"How very interesting," said Fannie. "Did everybody go?"

"All who could. They went in great companies, and made a most joyful procession. I should like you to remember about this, for it will help you to understand many other things we shall read about."

"It was so — our Saviour went up with his father and mother," said Carrie. "He was only

twelve years old; and when they were ready to come home, they started, thinking he was with some of their friends in the company. But after they had travelled a day, they looked for him, and could not find him. So they were very much troubled, and went back to Jerusalem to look for him. And there he was in the Temple, talking with those learned men, and asking them questions."

"How very strange!" said Fannie.

"Well, his mother felt very badly, and she asked him how he came to do so. He answered them, that he must be about his Father's business. That meant his Father in heaven, mamma explained to me. They did not understand it, but his mother thought it was very strange. But he went home with them, and obeyed them always until he was grown up."

"You have given the story very well, my dear," said her mother; "and now we come to the manhood of our Saviour, having seen him as an infant and a child. We suppose he was about thirty years old when he first began to go through the country teaching. What was the first thing recorded of his ministry, Lewis?"

"Why, preaching to the people from the mountain. Was n't it?"

"No, I think not," replied his mother. "You will find that our Master, as I delight to call him, taught first by example instead of words. Perhaps this was to show us our duty in that respect. He came to John, who was preaching near the river Jordan, and was baptized by him."

"Oh, I remember now. Heaven opened, and the Spirit of God came like a dove, and there was a voice said, 'Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased.'"

"Yes, that is it; and now we have come to the subject of the next picture, which I hope Henry is prepared to tell us about."

Henry, as we have said before, was very shy. He drew out the little folded paper which he had brought from his own room, with many blushes.

"I thought I could write what I had learned better than I could tell it, Mrs. Elliott," he said.

So Mrs. Elliott smiled kindly to encourage him, and said she had no doubt they should all be interested to listen. Henry wrote the best

themes or compositions in his class at school, and it was Lewis who suggested this plan, because he knew how confused Henry would sometimes get in recitation, although he understood the lessons perfectly.

First of all the children looked at the picture which Mrs. Elliott took from the portfolio. None of them liked it. Fannie thought it was a shame it should be put with so many pretty ones. You will look at it for yourselves, and see if you do not think as Fannie did. But Mrs. Elliott explained to them, that the figure of Satan was made to express the idea of the hatefulness of sin. It is always represented by painters as very hideous. We cannot, of course, have any true picture of him, for he is a spirit, and we can only *imagine* a form for the Father of all Evil. "But," said Mrs. Elliott, "remember, my dear children, that sin is as hateful to our Father in heaven, as this figure of Satan is to you. And whenever you give way to wilful faults always recall this thought. God is ever watching over us, and he can see the deformity of our souls, which is hidden from our earthly friends."

After they had laid down the picture, Henry read his explanation.

"The picture which I have before me, represents our Saviour being tempted by Satan. After he was baptized, the Bible says he was 'led by the Spirit into the wilderness.' Mrs. Elliott explained this to me when I read it to her this morning. That Jesus was directed by God's Holy Spirit, to go into this wilderness. She said that we were all directed by this guardian of the soul, and repeated a text, which I found in the third chapter of Proverbs, and the sixth verse.

"'*In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths.*'

"I learned it because I thought it was an excellent motto, and put it in my composition book, under '*there's no such word as fail*,' which Lewis and I had both selected before. Mrs. Elliott said when I grew up I must remember that the same spirit which guided our Saviour would lead me, if I wished for it.

"When he was in the wilderness Jesus fasted forty days and forty nights, and then 'he was an hungered.' I suppose it was because he

was so weak, that Satan took this time to tempt him. Mrs. Elliott said she had thought of that, and it showed us how watchful Satan was, and how well he knew when we were off our guard.

"So first of all he said, '*If thou art the Son of God, command these stones to be made bread.*' But Jesus looked at him, and told him it was written, that '*men should not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.*' I have heard my father say that 'our daily bread' did not mean only the bread we eat at table, but the good instructions we found in the Bible, which were food for our souls.

"When Satan found that this would not do, he tried again, and took our Saviour up on top of a high mountain, and showed him all the world at once. And he told Jesus that if he would only worship him he would give him everything there was there. It seemed as if our Saviour knew exactly the right answers to make, for he said,

"'*Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*'

"But Satan was very bold indeed, and this

did not stop him. He tried to make our Saviour throw himself down from the top of a very high place. As he had been replied to from the Bible, Satan made use of a text in this temptation. He said, '*If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence; for it is written,*

"'*He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee.*

"'*And in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.*'

"But Jesus was not troubled at this either. He knew that Satan was only trying to make him sin. So he answered,

"'*Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*'

"I thought, at first, that this meant to say he was equal with God himself. But Mrs. Elliott told me, it was to show us that we were not to go into danger, when we knew danger was there, with a false confidence in the power of God to save us. I liked the lesson very much, and I hope I shall be able to make the rest understand it as well as I did, after Mrs. Elliott's explanation."

The children had listened very attentively while Henry was reading, and Mrs. Elliott thanked him as soon as he had finished. She said he had remembered much more than she expected, and had made the subject quite plain.

"It was almost a little sermon, wasn't it, mamma?" said Fannie.

"Perhaps he will be a minister, and write sermons some day, like his father," answered Carrie.

Mrs. Elliott saw that this made Henry feel uncomfortable, and so she said:

"If it is a sermon, there is something to be learned from it. Now I have thought of several things.

"First, we are exposed to temptation even in the holiest employments; for our Saviour's baptism had just taken place, and he was fasting when Satan came to him.

"Secondly, we are tempted through our necessities and weaknesses, as Satan took advantage of the hunger of our Lord.

"Thirdly, through our love of the world, and its pleasures and honours, we are in danger of worshipping the spirit of evil.

"Fourthly, we are exposed to sin by false confidence in God's mercy and forgiveness.

"And last of all, that our enemy is persevering, and if beaten in one attack, will try us again. But we must take courage, for God has said, through one of the apostles,

"'*Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.*'

"And in another place we are told of our Saviour what you will now be able to understand,

"'*In that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.*'"

Fannie thought this was more like a sermon than ever, but she said she would try to remember it. So she ran away to condole with Dora, at having lost such an interesting lesson.

THE SEVENTH PICTURE.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

Dora felt very unhappy, when her cousins shut the door, and left her alone. It was a lovely day, and there was everything around her to make one cheerful. The window was open into the garden, and she could hear the low insect-song that is so pleasant on a warm summer's-day. The flowers were nodding sleepily on their stems, as if the sunshine was too bright. The grass upon the lawn shivered in the wind, as it crept softly up from the little brook. A humming-bird was flitting in the shadow of the grape-vine, which grew over the lattice of the piazza. Dora could see its delicate form and brilliant colours, as it passed near her.



CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

She drew her little rocking-chair close to the window, and sat down with the fairy tale in her hand. But though she had just reached the most interesting part, where the pumpkin was changed to a coach, that Cinderella might go to a party in it, she could not fix her thoughts on what she read. She drew her chair still closer, and leaned her arm on the window-sill, resolved that she would go on, in spite of everything. But before she knew it, the page had grown misty before her eyes, and she was thinking of other things.

"I am afraid I have been naughty," the little girl said to herself. "But then they ought not to have teazed me so. It was downright cross in uncle Elliott to say I should not go to the lesson; perhaps I would have gone, after all. It will be his fault, and not mine. And what can possibly be the harm of reading a story-book? Oh, dear!" and Dora drew a long breath. She felt very much like crying, though she would not allow herself to think so.

Then as she sat there quietly, with everything so still around her, she heard the voices of the children come through the open window, and

she wondered what the picture was that they were talking about. She could not read, although she tried to again. Her thoughts would wander away, and she became very impatient at having to stay in her room alone.

"Oh, how tiresome this is!" she thought. "Even Miss Dayton's Sunday-school class was better. I wonder if I am not to go with them to aunt Margaret's room at all again?" and at last she worked herself up to a regular cry, and began to think she was very ill-used, as she sobbed bitterly.

It was in this mood that Fannie found her, when the lesson was over. The kind-hearted child was very much troubled to see her cousin so sad; and after trying in vain to comfort her, ran away to ask her papa if he would not forgive Dora. Mr. Elliott said, certainly, if she was sorry for her impatient, rude words, and would tell her aunt so. But Dora was obstinate. She refused to do this, and was put to bed by cousin Jane, after having supper in her own room, thoroughly disgraced.

She cried herself to sleep, trying to make herself believe that her cousins were very unkind

to her, and everybody treated her badly. She woke with a headache the next morning, as might have been expected. Her cousins were already dressed, and the breakfast-bell was ringing.

That was a sad and sullen day for Dora. She kept apart from the rest, and was never so glad in her life to have lessons finished. Mrs. Elliott was not as well as usual, and there was no sewing-hour in the afternoon. The rest of the children went off on a walk, which had been talked about for a long time. They invited Dora to join them, very kindly, but she preferred to stay at home, and feel that she was badly used by all in the house. She walked up and down the broad gravel path, with Cinderella in her hand, after she had finished reading that very interesting story. She had not enjoyed it as much as she had expected to. Now the tale was finished, and she began to feel lonely and wretched again. She had a great mind to ask to be sent home; but she thought of her formal governess, and concluded anything was preferable to coming under her rule again. Finally, she sat down in the arbour, and leaning her head on one of the seats, again re-

sorted to the usual habit of children when anything troubles them—a long cry. The day was warm, her head was throbbing, but still she sat there, while the little birds sung around her, as if there was no such thing as trouble in the world.

Mrs. Elliott had walked to the window of her room, and discovered Dora in this attitude. She had supposed the children had all gone out together, and was surprised to find her little niece still indulging her unhappy temper of the day before. At first, she thought she would not notice it at all; but as she stood there, watching the child, tears came into her own eyes. She thought of her childhood—of its little sorrows and trials, in which Dora's mother had always comforted her, and then of her death, which separated them so sadly. She could not endure to see her sister's child wretched, and calling cousin Jane, she begged her to send Dora in.

The little girl started, when the message was first brought to her, for she was afraid Mrs. Elliott intended to reprove her. She went very unwillingly towards the house; but when she

came to the door of her aunt's room, and saw Mrs. Elliott standing there, looking so like the picture of her own mamma, her naughty temper gave way.

"Oh, aunt Margaret," she said, "I have been very miserable" — and she hid her face in the arms that were open to receive her.

Then she felt hot tears fall upon the hand which Mrs. Elliott had taken in her own.

"Please forgive me," she whispered; "indeed, I was only a very little naughty at first; but then it went on and on, without my meaning to."

"Do you not find, my dear, that cherishing one angry feeling, leads to others?" said Mrs. Elliott, speaking gravely.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" answered Dora. "At first, I only wanted to read, instead of coming to the lesson. Then I said something rude, and uncle scolded me. And I got very angry, indeed, and slammed the door when he went out. I cried all night, but I said I would not ask your forgiveness. Sometimes I wanted to, but there was something that would n't let me. But I 'm very sorry, and I hope I shan't do so again."

Mrs. Elliott and Dora had a long talk after this. Mrs. Elliott showed her little niece how one slight action, if wrong, often led to much worse things. Then she bade her bathe her eyes, which were quite swollen with crying, and brush her hair back from her heated face. Then she proposed that Dora should take the next picture in the portfolio, and she would explain it to her, as they had decided Dora's should come on the following Sunday.

It was called "Christ and the Woman of Canaan;" and represented our Saviour, with a group of disciples, standing in what seemed to be an open court. It was paved with marble, and there were marble pillars and palm-trees near them. A young and beautiful woman knelt at the feet of Jesus, with her hands clasped, as if she was entreating him to grant her some great favour. One of the disciples looked as if he wanted to send her away, and even the Saviour was turning from her.

Then Mrs. Elliott took the New Testament, and read the story which it illustrated, from the fifteenth chapter of Matthew.

"After the Temptation, which we read of in

the last chapter, the ministry of Christ was really commenced. We read of his Sermon on the Mount, which contains the principal rules of the Christian religion. Then there are numerous miracles recorded, more especially those in which he performed wonderful cures upon the sick, and lame, and blind. No doubt the news of this spread very rapidly. Think if any one should come to this country now, who could cure any illness, however terrible, by a look or a touch! How soon every one would be talking about it, and how anxious they would be, if they had any sick friends, to bring them to such a wonderful physician.

"There are a great many of these instances told in the Testament. Once there was a man who had been always blind, quite cured, so that he could see like other people. A woman who had been sick twelve years, only touched the hem of his garment, and was well at once, though all the physicians she consulted had given her up! At another time a man sick of the palsy, (an illness which takes away all strength, so that the person has no use of their hands or feet,) arose, took up the bed they

had brought him upon to Jesus, and walked away.

"There was one person who heard of this, that had a little daughter very ill. There was no hope for this child, for it was an illness over which physicians had no power. So she came to Jesus, and begged him to cure her daughter.

"He did not answer her at all, and his disciples supposed he was angry, so they wanted to send her away. This is what is represented in the picture, and you can see how earnestly the woman implores our Saviour to listen. She was not a Jewess, her parents were Greeks; and when our Saviour answered her at last, it was only to say, '*I am not sent but only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.*'

"It was as much as to say he could do nothing for her. Many would have gone away at this, but she did not do so. She thought of the daughter she loved so dearly, and that this was her only hope. So she prayed again more earnestly, and said,

"'*Lord, help me.*'

"Perhaps the disciples could not understand

it, when their Master, usually so gentle, answered her,

"'*It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto dogs.*'

"This was adding reproof to his coldness; but instead of being offended, she answered meekly,

"'*Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.*'

"Nothing could be more truly humble. It touched her hearers to the heart, and Jesus answered with kindness, that made amends for all her disappointment,

"'*Oh, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.*'

"From that very moment her daughter was cured."

Dora thought it was strange that Jesus should not have cured the little girl at once. But Mrs. Elliott said that when she was a few years older, she would see that he had only intended to try the mother's faith, and find if she really did believe he could do anything she had asked.

This story has been a great comfort to many persons, she said, when prayers did not seem

to be heard, and they had almost fainted in their distress. But they remembered that God sometimes saw fit to try the reliance of his people on Him, by adding greater sorrows than those from which they prayed to be delivered.

Dora was so much interested in the story of the poor Greek woman, that she forgot she had been in disgrace. When the children came home, they were delighted to see her look so smiling again. She told them what a delightful afternoon she had passed, and could hardly keep from talking about the picture all the evening. But she succeeded in keeping quiet through the week, and the next Sunday afternoon, with her aunt's assistance, she related what you have now been reading, while the rest looked at the picture.



CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

THE EIGHTH PICTURE.

CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

Fannie was not much accustomed to read or study. To tell the truth, she was not fond of either. Like a good many little girls I have known, she liked play better. She would prefer a pretty doll before all the story-books in the world, and a run with her hoop to listening to the most beautiful fairy tale.

She was appointed, on Dora's Sunday, to take the next picture. Her mother told her it was a very interesting one, and every time she would come to her in play hours, they would talk it all over. But Monday, Fannie thought she would rather watch Lewis while he painted a violet with its leaves. Tuesday, they had a

grand picnic luncheon, by the brook. Wednesday morning, Fannie thought of the picture, but as her doll needed a new apron, she concluded that there was quite time enough yet. So day after day passed, until Mrs. Elliott ceased to remind the little girl of her pleasant task, and Fannie entirely forgot it. Nor did it cross her mind until she was just ready for bed on Saturday night. Then it flashed across her recollection. But it was too late, the rest were in bed, and her mamma was engaged with Cousin Jane. So Fannie went to sleep, feeling very much mortified, and woke next day in bad humour with herself, and her neglect.

Mrs. Elliott did not scold. Fannie almost wished she had done so, instead of looking at her so calmly, and saying, "since Fannie did not think it of sufficient consequence to attend to her appointments, she could take her place for this afternoon." The little girl was sufficiently punished by the look of surprise which she received from the rest of the children, and the calm tone of rebuke which her mother used. It was a sad, uncomfortable afternoon for Fannie, but she learned an excellent lesson by her

mortification. Never to put off a duty, because there was "time enough yet."

The portfolio was given to Henry, who selected from it the print next in order. It was a representation of Christ raising the widow's son. There was the bier on which the dead man had been carried, with the white linen drapery which had been wrapped around him, thrown aside. The bearers stood by in an attitude of astonishment, and the figure of the widowed mother, kneeling with outstretched hands and straining eyes, was in the foreground. Our Saviour, with mild, benignant countenance, was the only one that did not seem fearful, or amazed.

"I think the reality must have been more beautiful than the picture," said Mrs. Elliott. "We are told that the dead man was the 'only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' Her husband may have been very fond of her and of his child. We will imagine them living in a beautiful home, surrounded by all that can make life pleasant. The Jewish lady saw her young boy grow up beautiful and noble. Perhaps she thanked God when the hour for even-

ing prayer arrived, and the household met together to worship One in whom their fathers had trusted, for giving her so great a treasure. But no one is happy long in this world. First the boy's father died. That was a great stroke, and the poor widow felt as if she could never be happy again. But while she knelt sad and despondent, and asked God for strength to bear her trial, she heard the sweet voice of her child. He had stolen into the room, and came to her with his playful, childish caresses. She felt his soft arms twined about her neck, and when she turned, his father's smile shone from the eyes of the boy, and she felt that she was not utterly desolate.

"She had something still to live for, and now, all her love, and care, and hope, were given up to him. Every wish was anticipated, and when misfortune came, and her worldly wealth was scattered, that God might prove her yet more, the boy was left, and she did not murmur. She toiled for him through the long days, and watched by his bed while he slept. And he was so kind and gentle, that he well repaid her for all her care. His love for her was like that

of a daughter, and he was never weary in talking of the time when he should be able to repay all the sacrifices and self-denial she had borne for him. The hour came when he realized the promises of his boyhood, and the widow's heart 'sang for joy' as she saw him all that she could desire.

"But, alas! there was another trial in store for her. He grew weak and thin. His beautiful eyes were too bright, and his cheek too deeply red, for the calm pulse of health. For a long time she refused to see these dreadful tokens. But at length it could be no longer hidden from her. Her son, her proud, noble son, must die!

"She watched beside his bed day by day, as she had done in his infancy. She could not give him up. She prayed wildly in her agony that he might yet be spared. But no, death was at hand. She saw the last faint breath part from his pale lips. She closed the eyes that could no longer answer her own look of love. She sat beside his lifeless form in speechless agony, as kind friends arrayed him for the last long sleep of the grave. She could not believe

this sad calamity had befallen her. Then the time came for the burial. All hope was passed. She followed the bier on which was carried all that she loved in the world. The soft breath of the country swept to meet her as the train went from the city gates. But its softness did not soothe her. The waving foliage and the blue sky had no charms, she did not see them. All her thoughts were centred on her son, her pride, her strength. She was following him to his grave. Oh, the lonely home to which she must return! How could life be endured without him!

"But presently they meet a sad and gentle man, who bids the bearers set down their burden. There is something in his bearing that compels them to obey. The solitary mourner scarcely heeds the interruption, in the stupor of her grief, until she hears a gentle voice say, 'weep not.'

"For an instant her anguish passed away, for it was the voice of her Saviour that she heard. He came and touched the bier; he spoke a few brief words, and the dead arose, and unclosed his eyes. He was alive again! The widow

was no longer desolate. Her son was restored to her by the hands of our Master. Once more his eyes rested in love on her face; once more she heard the tones of that voice she had thought for ever hushed!

"We cannot imagine her joy. How her friends must have crowded round, and wept with her, and wondered, saying, 'can this indeed be so!' And then their thanks and gratitude were poured forth to the unknown friend who had thus unexpectedly made them happy. Think with what rejoicing they returned to the widow's home, so desolate a few hours before. The couch vacant for a little while was again filled, and the agony which the poor mother had endured only fitted her to enjoy the sudden return of life and hope.

"No wonder those who had witnessed this beautiful scene said that God had visited his people. They acknowledged the power which could control life and death, to be divine; and soon it began to spread beyond the little city of Nain, until the whole country was filled with the wonderful story.

"And now," said Mrs. Elliott after a little

pause, "we have had a recital of one of a second class of miracles. What are miracles, Lewis?"

"Any wonderful thing that it would be impossible for a man to do."

"Yes, none but a God could accomplish these wonderful things; and how sad the delusion that gives this power to any mortal, if he should be ever so holy, or so pure. Now let us see about the different classes of miracles which are recorded of our Saviour. Tell me one, Dora."

"Healing sick people, aunt Margaret, as we read about the poor Greek woman's daughter."

"And what were you thinking of, Fannie?"

"The blind man who was cured, mamma."

"And did he do anything else supernatural, or impossible for a common man to do?"

"Why, walking on the water, mamma," said Carrie. "And turning water into wine," added Henry.

"But I think raising the dead was the most wonderful of all," said Lewis. "No one but a God could give life, I am sure. I think the widow's son is a beautiful story, but there is

another I like very much. About the ruler's daughter."

"Oh yes," said Dora, "I know about that. I do not remember it in the Bible, but it was in a book papa gave me last Christmas. They called her name Mary, although it is said there was no name given to her in the Bible, only she lived in the same country with the Saviour's mother, and her name was Mary. Then she grew very ill indeed. Her father went for a new physician they had heard about, who could cure people by speaking to them or touching them.

"But she was dead before they got to the house, and every one was crying so much! But the Saviour put them all out of the room, and took hold of her hand, and told her to arise. And she did, and was well at once."

"When I was in Philadelphia, with my father," said Henry, "I saw a picture which represented this story. Then another day we went to a strange building, called a hospital. It had high brick walls all around it, and a statue of William Penn stood in the garden. But they took us to a room separate from the

rest of the house, and there was a great picture, as long as the side of this room. There were people in it as large as living people, and it was called 'Healing the Sick.' There was our Saviour with a great many sick people around him, and he was curing them."

"Who painted it, Henry?" asked Lewis, who was always very much interested when pictures were mentioned.

Henry could not remember, but Mrs. Elliott told them it was a very celebrated artist, Benjamin West, and that he had sent the painting from England, as a present to the hospital.

"Is there not another story, quite as interesting?" she asked, when Henry had described the picture as well as he could remember it.

"Oh, you mean Lazarus," said Carrie. "I like that quite as well as any of them. Because Lazarus was the friend of Jesus, and so he must have been a good man. And his sisters loved him so much. Shall I go on, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear?"

"Well, after he had been buried two or three days, Jesus came, and Martha and Mary went

with him to the grave. It was there that the shortest verse in the Bible is—

"'*Jesus wept.*'

"Then he said, 'Lazarus, come forth!' and his dead friend came to life again, and made his sisters so happy!"

"I don't see how any one could have doubted who our Saviour was, do you, mamma?" said Lewis.

"But many did," replied Mrs. Elliott, "as we shall find in our next lesson. I think Lewis, as he is our little historian, must take the next picture."

THE NINTH PICTURE.

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

Lewis was seen to be very busy the next week with quite a pile of books, which his father had loaned him.

Dora had the curiosity to look at the names of them; but instead of nice stories, she found only dry histories of the Jews and Romans.

"What can Lewis want, to be studying in vacation for?" said she. "I should think he could have enough of that at school. They have to go back again in two weeks, and I think that 's bad enough."

Lewis smiled, and said, with a great deal of importance, "You 'll see next Sunday, girls."

So Dora's curiosity being excited, she was



THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

quite anxious for Sunday to come. Besides, she did not dread it as much now as she had done. She liked going to church, because the clergyman talked so plainly that she could understand him. The walk home over the fields was always pleasant; and then the delightful lesson at home, which was a great deal pleasanter now that she had learned to value it. I think the reason so many children get tired of Sunday, is because they are idle. Time unemployed is always wearisome. Because boisterous play is not thought to be proper for the sacred day of rest, children seem to think nothing can be done. But idleness is almost as much a sin as play, and there are suitable employments for Sundays as well as week days.

If children would go to Sunday-school as cheerfully as to their daily lessons, and try to fix their minds upon the sermon, instead of letting their thoughts wander off to other things, I don't think Sunday would be tiresome at all. At any rate, Dora began to like it much better, and to look forward to it with pleasure.

The picture for the ninth Sunday was called "The Tribute Money." Fannie did not think

it at all interesting, and Dora did not understand it. There was only the figure of Christ, surrounded by grave and stern-looking old men. They were standing in the temple, and one of them was holding something in his hands, which he was showing to the Saviour.

"The girls do not seem to understand this scene," said Mrs. Elliott; "so, Lewis, we will hear how you can explain it. Tell them, in the first place, how these men came to be talking with our Saviour. Or, perhaps, you had better show how the Jews were governed in those days."

Lewis had chosen to write his description, as Henry had done, so he began to read the following little history:

"They were not independent any longer. Though they had been so proud and noble under King David and Solomon, they were afterwards more wicked, and to punish them, God allowed other nations to conquer them. Once, a great many were carried away captive by Nebuchadnezzar, and then they were obliged to live there in Babylon. Afterwards, Darius, who was then king of Babylon, allowed them

to go back again, and build up the temple that Nebuchadnezzar had burned. But they were never very prosperous again. Several different nations made war upon them, and were often successful.

"About the time our Saviour was born, the Romans claimed the right of governing them; for Judea, the country where they lived, had become a Roman province. The name of the king of Rome was Cæsar Augustus; but he sent them a king called Herod. It was the Herod we have read about, who killed all the little children.

"The Jews did not submit to this very quietly. But they remembered what had been promised to them. A Messiah, who should rule the world. They supposed he would be a great prince; and looking for him, to make their nation what it had been, they tried to be as patient as they could. They were obliged to pay tribute to the Roman government, something as the people of America were taxed by the English, before the Revolutionary war. This troubled them very much, because they thought it was unjust.

"Mamma lent me a book, in which it was said that the Jews were, from the first, angry at our Saviour for claiming to be this Messiah. If he had been a rich man, it would have been different. They wanted an earthly prince, that could break the Roman yoke. They could not help hearing about Jesus and his many miracles, but because he was the son of a poor carpenter, they despised him. Still, a great many of the people *did* believe in the Saviour, and that troubled them. They wanted him out of the way. It was a constant insult to their ears, to hear a man, who had been born so humbly, call himself their superior.

"He came very openly into the Temple after a while, and preached there. Then they used to listen, and 'take counsel among themselves' how to get some charge against him, that they might imprison him, or kill him. But they could not find any. At last, they came to him one day, and thought they had a plot nicely arranged. If they could only get him to say something disrespectful about the Roman king, they knew he would be severely punished, if not killed.

"They sent some of their most learned men, who began by trying to blind our Saviour about their intentions. They pretended to have a great deal of reverence for him and his opinion. They called him Master, and said, '*We know that thou art true, and teachest the ways of God with truth.*'

"After all this, they asked what was his opinion. Was it lawful — that is, right — to pay this tribute money to Cæsar?

"I suppose they hoped he would answer them that it was not right, and then the Roman soldiers could have called it treason. But Jesus knew what they wanted. He said to them—

"'*Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites! Show me the tribute money.*'

"On the coins they used in old times, it was the custom to have the head of the king or emperor then reigning. Some of the English coins are so still; but as we American people have no king, the head of liberty answers instead. Papa told me this.

"So, on the piece of money which the old man is showing to the Saviour there was a head

of Cæsar. As soon as Jesus saw it, he said, 'Whose is this image?'

"They could do nothing but tell him it was Cæsar's.

"So he had his answer all ready, as he had for Satan, when Satan tempted him. He said,

"'*Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*'"

"Oh, now I understand that," said Carrie; "and I never knew before how they could tempt the Saviour, by asking him that question. I did not think it would be wicked to answer it any way he had chosen. Besides, I never knew what Cæsar had to do with the Jews, when Herod was their king."

"How much easier things are, when you understand them!" said Fannie. A remark that made them all laugh, for they certainly had found it so. However, they concluded that Lewis had made the tribute money interesting, after all.

"Did they go away then, and not tease the Saviour any more?" asked Dora.

"No; they asked a great many more questions, Dora."

"Tell us some of them," said Mrs. Elliott.

"Well, there was one about being married, which I did not read very carefully, so I don't remember much about it. But there was a lawyer who came to him, and asked what was the greatest, or the most important law? I suppose he meant in the Ten Commandments. Did he mamma?"

"Oh, yes, it must have been, from the answer," said Henry. "I know what it is—

"'*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.*

"'*This is the first and great commandment.*'"

"But there was more than that about the second," said Lewis.

"'*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.*"

"What does that mean, aunt Margaret?" asked Dora. "Hangs all the law and the prophets?"

"If we loved God with all our hearts, we should not make any graven images, and have any God but him, should we? And then it

would be a pleasure to keep the Sabbath-day holy, consecrated to his use. We should not dream of doing differently.

"There are two of the commandments fulfilled. Then if we loved our neighbour as ourselves, we should be just as careful of the happiness of any one as of our own.

"So we should honour our father and mother, because if we neglected or despised them, they would be sad. We should not kill, or steal, or be envious, or lie; because in doing either, some one would be injured — and we never hurt ourselves intentionally, do we?"

"I remember a text about that," said Henry. "It means just the same thing, I should think.

"'*Love worketh no ill to his neighbour— therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.*'"

"Yes, that expresses it, exactly," said Mrs. Elliott; "and this reminds me of the little poem Fannie and Carrie used to like so much. I found it for them one day in a newspaper, and they learned it to recite to their papa. Have you forgotten it, Carrie?"

"Fannie Farleigh's little song? Oh, no, mamma, I never could forget that, it is so

very pretty. Shall we say it for Dora and the boys?"

Dora thought she should like it; and as the lesson was through, the sisters repeated—

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold;
And its weight was more than the child could hold.
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said—'*Little children, love one another.*'

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
"The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother—
For '*Little children must love each other.*'

"I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown if I let him see

I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus, when we kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my arms about my brother,
And say—'*Little children, love one another.*'"

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant, indeed, was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up, in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full—and he could not speak—
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on the happy mother,
Whose '*Little children loved each other.*'



CHRIST PRAYING ON THE MOUNT.

THE TENTH PICTURE.

CHRIST PRAYING ON THE MOUNT.

"After the scene of the 'Tribute Money,'" said Mrs. Elliott, the next time they were assembled in her room, "the Jews questioned our Saviour no more. But they were not satisfied. Everything showed their jealousy of him. And they had reason to be afraid of his influence upon the people. Every miracle increased the number of his disciples. When he cured the leper, many praised his wonderful works. Those who saw the widow's son brought to life, acknowledged, as we found last Sunday, that God had come to visit his people. At last we have the final miracle recorded by Saint John, which we

have also talked about, and that is raising Lazarus from the dead.

"Lazarus had been his friend and companion. It is most probable that others beside our Saviour had loved him, for when he died, many of the Jews came to comfort the sisters. They went with them to the grave where he was buried, and stood by when Jesus wept.

"It is not wonderful that when they saw their buried friend come among them once more, brought to life by the voice of the Saviour, that some of the company should believe he was more than the impostor which many had represented him to be. Doubtless the strange occurrence was talked about in every quarter of the city. The Bible tells us that many of these Jews went to the Pharisees, and told them what had been done.

"The rulers only saw in this a stronger power to dread. They must have been alarmed, for they called a council at once, to see what could be done to check the spread of these new opinions. They somehow fancied them connected with their enemies the Romans, and feared their country would be still more oppressed by them.

"The high priest was the most bitter of all in the council. He said it was better to have one man die, than the whole nation to perish. And so without knowing what he did, he prophesied that Jesus should die that year, to save the Jewish nation; and as St. John immediately says, not that nation only, but all people that he should gather to himself.

"It is likely that the friends of our Saviour warned him of these plots against his life. At any rate he must have known from the first, all that they said about him. So he left those places where he should be most exposed to danger, not that he was afraid, or dreaded death, but the time had not come for him to redeem the world.

"But the feast of the Passover was near, when, as we learned some weeks ago, all the Jews went up to the temple to worship. How different was this anniversary from the one of which we first read. Then he was young, and strong. He heard of the preparations for the journey with a heart full of glad anticipations. It was a festival in which his parents and his friends were united. He journeyed in company

with them, and looked eagerly forward to the time when he should stand in his father's house. It was there he commenced the labours of his life. The long discussion with the doctors in the temple was the first of his public ministry.

"Now he was weary and toil worn; 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' He knew not even where to lay his head. A few faithful disciples clung to him, but he was despised and rejected by those for whom he was going to lay down his life. He was persecuted by the rulers, and hated by many of the people. His task was nearly accomplished; he was already contemplating a bitter death, instead of a joyful meeting with friends and kindred, when he should go up to Jerusalem.

"The Jews were not idle. They hoped he would return to the city, and as they came together in the temple, they talked about it among themselves. At last a proclamation was issued, that if any one knew where he was, he must be delivered up to them.

"But even this did not shake the purpose of the Saviour. He went steadily on his way, and when the time drew near, arrived at Bethany,

which was not far from the city. It was here that Lazarus and his sisters lived. No doubt they were very happy to see their friend again. They made him a great supper, and it was while they sat at this supper, that Mary bathed the feet of the Saviour with precious ointment, and wiped them with her long, beautiful hair, to testify how much she loved him, and how grateful she should ever be.

"And now another person is presented to us who has a great part in the history of Christ's anguish and death. Do you know who I mean, Henry?"

"I think it must be Judas, Mrs. Elliott, because I remember when this happened, Judas objected to it, and scolded Mary for wasting so much."

"I recollect about that," said Lewis. "He said it ought to have been sold, and the money given to the poor."

"Well, I'm sure that was very kind and good in him; don't you think so, aunt?" said Dora.

"I'm afraid not, my dear."

"No, I'm sure it wasn't," said Lewis.

"Because it says right afterwards, that he did not care one bit for the poor, only the disciples had all their money in one purse, and Judas carried it, and he was a thief. So if all this money had been put in his care, he could have helped himself. Don't you see, Dora? There 's a boy at our school we call Judas, sometimes; don't we, Henry? Tom Lathrop, I mean."

"My dear son," said Mrs. Elliott, "I am sorry to hear you could call any of your playfellows by such an ill name. I'm sure none of them are thieves, or Dr. Porter would not allow them to remain in school."

"Oh, it 's only for fun," answered Lewis, "and it teazes him so!"

"'*Love worketh no ill to his neighbour*,'" returned Mrs. Elliott, quietly, and Lewis blushed, and did not offer to excuse himself, for he knew it was not "fulfilling the law," to be rude or unkind to his schoolmates.

"Shall we go on with the lesson?" said Mrs. Elliott. "And then we shall find that the Saviour reproved Judas, by saying that she had anointed him for his burial."

"That 's what you explained to us one day

in the 'Antiquities,' is it not, mamma?" asked Carrie. "In old times, when any one died, their friends spent a great deal in these precious perfumes, to use about the body."

"Yes, it was that custom which our Saviour meant, and though it is probable the rest did not understand what he said, he knew very well what was to befall him. That it was the last time he should sit at this hospitable table, surrounded by those who loved him. He bade them farewell, when his visit was ended, and went sadly on his way; but many had been won to him on this visit, because it was told in Bethany that the wonderful man who had raised Lazarus from the dead was there, and they flocked to see what he could be like. A great many followed him when he went away, and turned towards Jerusalem.

"It was a part of this company who cut down the palm branches, and strewed them in the way. They cried, 'Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' You have all of you seen a picture in which this is represented, called 'Christ's entry into Jerusalem.'

"The people who wished his death were more angry than ever at this, as you may suppose. And Jesus seemed to feel how much greater was his peril, for he began to talk to those around him of his death. And it was much nearer than they could have thought it. Already there was a plot between Judas and some of those men who were most violent against our Saviour, for the love of money had become a sin in this false disciple's heart, and to gain it, he would even consent to betray one whom he called 'Master.'

"There was one night at the commencement of the feast of the Passover, which the disciples never forgot. They were all sitting together at supper, and when it was ended, our Saviour rose and arranged his dress, as though he were a servant. In the East there was more need of servants than here, because their manners and customs were different, and it was much more trouble to take care of the house and the family. For one thing, they did not wear tight shoes, as we do, but sandals, which were bound across the instep, leaving the foot bare, and exposed to the dust and heat in travelling. So it

was an almost necessary custom to set water before visitors, that they might bathe their feet, and often a servant was sent to do this for their favourite guests.

"After our Saviour had laid aside his robes, he took water and washed the feet of his disciples, to teach them a lesson of humility. They were very much astonished at this, in one whom they called MASTER, but it was a lesson not only to them, but to all Christians, to be humble and affable one to another. I am afraid many forget this, as they roll by in their rich carriages, and look contemptuously on the poor whom they pass.

"It was after Jesus had explained this to them, that he said, 'one of you shall betray me.' No wonder they could scarcely believe it possible they had heard aright, when he had just been serving them so kindly. But Judas knew, and before long went out from them, for his cruel purpose.

"Then our Saviour was alone with those whom he loved so dearly. They had been with him in want, and trial, and temptation. But a greater trial than all was to come, and he wished

to prepare them for it. He talked with them a long time, gravely and kindly. Then he prayed, the most beautiful prayer on record, and commended them, and all who should love him to the end of the world, unto the care of the Father he had come to glorify.

"Solemnly and silently they went forth from the room, where they had eaten together for the last time. The lamb was to be slain, but it was 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.' It was almost midnight as they went out of the city, and crossing the brook Kedron, came to the Mount of Olives.

"Here he left them for a little while, bidding them pray that they might not enter into temptation, for he knew they would need much strength to bear what was before them. This was in the garden of Gethsemane, where he turned away and left them. It was then he began to sink beneath the prospect of the pain and anguish which was before him. He knelt on the rough ground, with the cold dews of night falling on his uncovered head, and said, 'my soul is sorrowful even unto death.' The whole world lay spread before him in repose,

even his own followers slept; he was alone in the bitterness of his sorrow. But he bowed meekly to the will of his Father. He had come to seek and save that which was lost; and though one wish would have released him from his sufferings, and surrounded him by an angel host, he would not go from earth until his mission was fulfilled.

"'Thy will, not mine, be done,' he said, as the great drops of agony rolled from his uplifted face, and ministering angels stood by in sorrow, to see the Lord of heaven 'in earthly need.'"

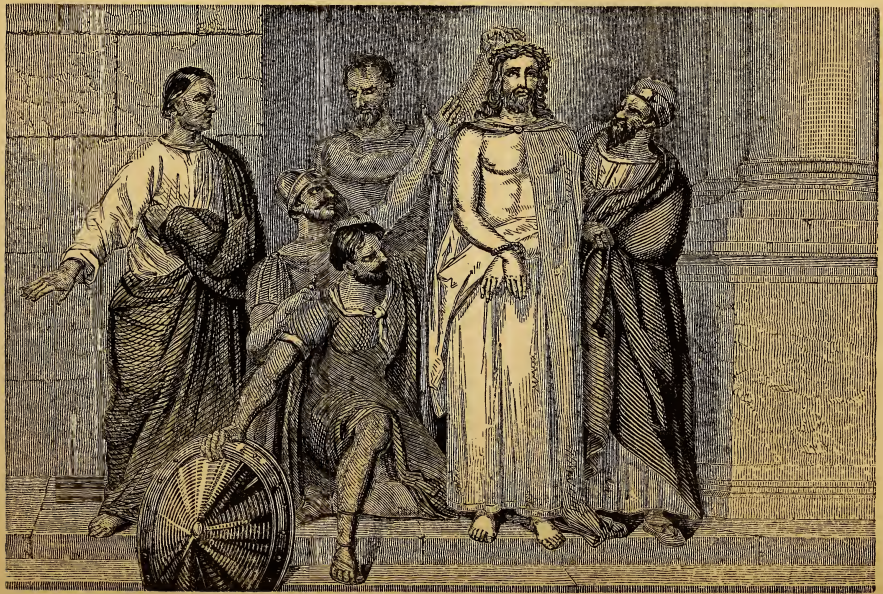
Mrs. Elliott had become so much interested in the subject, that she had forgotten until now to give the children the picture which she held in her hand. They looked at it in silence, for it represented the scene which she had just described. The cold, steep mountain, the uplifted, agonized face of the Saviour, and the hovering angels, with their white and shining wings, looking as if they would fain offer to comfort him.

THE ELEVENTH PICTURE.

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

The boys' vacation was coming to a close. Their visit had been delightful, and they thought Oatlands was pleasanter than ever, now that they must go from it. The country was certainly very pleasant, and the walks were more lovely, because of the many flowers that were opening in the woods and fields. But the one that interested them most of all, was the passion-flower, that was brought from the hot-house in a vase, and crept about the trellis of the piazza which opened from Mrs. Elliott's room.

There were several buds nearly opened, and they watched them with a great deal of interest.



CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

"Let us go and see if the passion-flowers are out," said Carrie, one morning, as they rose from the breakfast-table.

"Well, just wait till I finish about Tom Lathrop," called out Lewis, who was narrating some school adventure for the benefit of his sisters. "You know I told you he struck me, so I was n't going to be mean enough to put up with that, of course."

"Oh, you did n't fight, Lewis!" said Carrie.

"Why, I don't know as you 'll call it fighting, exactly. He struck me, because I would not give up a black-board I had the best right to, and I knocked him down, that 's all."

"You naughty, wicked boy!" It was Dora who said this, for she was quite indignant that her favourite cousin Lewis should do anything she was sure his mother would disapprove of.

"It was n't my fault, Dora! I was n't going to stand still, and let him crow over me. Who would n't strike back again, I 'd like to know? It 's all fair, if some one strikes you first."

"I shall ask aunt if you were right, and I know she will not say yes. I shall ask her tomorrow, when we have our Bible lesson."

"Well, don't let us talk any more about it now," said Fannie, who had not heard what was going on, and only knew Lewis seemed to be in disgrace about something. "Let us go and see about the passion-flower; for we have no lessons to-day, and we can have a nice talk with mamma. Only think! It 's the last Saturday you boys will be here!"

So they followed Fannie's advice, and let the story about Tom Lathrop rest, while they went to Mrs. Elliott's room. They found her much better than usual, and, indeed, their physician began to hope that she might recover, after all. Cousin Jane wheeled the easy-chair out into the piazza; but, alas! there was no flower, not even a large bud upon the vine. Its bright leaves were broken and crushed, and the whole plant lay trailing upon the floor, as if some one had torn it down and trampled on it.

Who could it have been? they all wondered; until at last it was remembered that Leo, the great Newfoundland dog we had forgotten to introduce you to, had been shut up on the piazza the last evening, and he had probably amused himself by tearing the most valuable thing within reach.

There was a great lamentation, as you may suppose. But cousin Jane gathered up the pliant tendrils, and found there was not so much mischief done, after all. There were several small buds to be found; and Mrs. Elliott said she thought, with a little nursing, the vine would be as strong as ever in a few days. To make amends for their disappointment, Mrs. Elliott proposed that they should go on with the portfolio, so as to finish the history of Christ's death and sufferings before the boys left. Dora and Lewis were at first disposed to object to this. They considered it lessons, and thought they ought to have all day Saturday for amusement. But when Mrs. Elliott said they could go away and play, if they liked, since the rest were in favour of the portfolio, they very gladly seated themselves near her, and, I am happy to say, were quite as attentive as the rest.

"I think I had better go on with the pictures," said Mrs. Elliott. "There is much to be said that you do not remember. I am afraid none of you have read the Bible yet, because it was a pleasure to you. Dora confesses that she

never has; and when we read only because we are obliged to, we are very apt to be inattentive, and forget as fast we read. Let us go on with the subject of the last picture. What was it, Fannie?"

"Christ praying on the mount, and the angels by him."

"And his disciples fast asleep; they could not keep awake, for all the Saviour told them to," added Dora.

"Yes, that was where we stopped. After this earnest and sorrowful prayer, we are told that an angel appeared from heaven, and strengthened him. Then he went to his disciples, and awoke them."

"I should have thought they would have been very much ashamed. *I* would n't have done so, if I had been them," said Lewis.

Mrs. Elliott smiled at the boasting tone which he used.

"When Peter was told that our Saviour was to be so tried, he said, '*Though all men be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.*' Peter was something like you, perhaps, Lewis. We shall see how well Peter

kept his word; perhaps you would have acted just as he did, as well as spoken like him.

"While the Saviour stood there, talking with his disciples, there was a great noise, as if a crowd of people was coming up the mountain. Then they saw torches glaring through the darkness; and before they could ask each other what it meant, they were surrounded with a mob of soldiers with swords, and officers of justice with their staves. Among them came Judas, who so lately had sat at the same table with the disciples, and dipped his hand into the same dish with the Saviour. He was as bold in his wickedness, as he had once seemed humble. He came towards the Saviour, and even dared to kiss him, and call him Master.

"This was the signal they had agreed upon. Judas had said to the officers, 'We shall find him surrounded by his disciples; but the one I shall kiss will be the man.' Can you imagine anything more false?"

"Why, that was acting a lie," said Lewis; "because he pretended to love the Saviour all the while. We don't kiss people we don't love."

"So we see, as Lewis says," continued Mrs. Elliott, "that Judas added a lie to his treachery. First, he was a thief, and stole the money that had been trusted to him. What does the Bible say about the love of money, Henry?"

"'*The love of money is the root of all evil*,'" answered Henry, readily.

"It would seem to be so in this case. It was the reward offered for Jesus, that first tempted him to give his Master up to the Jews, or betray him, as it is called. Then to this he added the lie of seeming to be his friend and disciple. Do you think he could ever be happy after this?"

"Oh, no!" said all of them.

"What became of Judas at last, can you remember, any of you?"

"He hung himself," said Henry.

"How dreadful!" whispered Dora, with a shudder.

"Yes, he could not endure the remorse that was the punishment of his sin. After all had happened that our Saviour had foretold, Judas cast away the money which had tempted him to these crimes, and ended his life with the

worst one of all—self-destruction. His story is a terrible warning."

"Oh, do not let us think any more about the wicked man," said Dora. "Please go on with the lesson, aunt Margaret."

So Mrs. Elliott took up her Bible again.

"We shall find that the Saviour did not resist being led away prisoner," said she. "He only begged that his disciples might be allowed to go free. Here is a lesson of unselfishness, for most men would have been too much alarmed to think of others."

"But did they all go, aunt Margaret?"

"No, Dora," answered Lewis, quickly, "they couldn't all have gone, because Peter took a sword, and cut off the ear of some one. That I remember, myself. Peter was brave, mamma!"

"Yes, at first he seems to have been; but we are told 'they all forsook him, and fled.' So much for the friendship of those who had followed him as long as he was in comparative prosperity. Peter followed afar off, however, as the soldiers led Jesus away, their prisoner. They came out of the city gates silently and

thoughtfully, as we have seen. When they returned, our Saviour was surrounded by a rabble throng, who mocked him, I have no doubt. For the silent prayers that had ascended in their little company, oaths, and wicked jests arose in the still air, and so our Saviour was hurried along from street to street, until they came to the palace of the high priest.

"Here they tried to find people who would accuse him falsely, or, as the Bible says, 'to bear false witness' against him. Jesus made no answer to all their accusations. At last the high priest said, '*answerest thou nothing?*'

"But still our Saviour made no reply. Then the high priest said most solemnly, '*I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God.*'

"The time had come, and Jesus did not hesitate to speak. He answered, '*Thou hast said it;*" and then he told them, that humble and despised as he then was, they should yet see him in power and great glory, coming in the clouds of heaven.

"The high priest cried out at this, and said he had spoken blasphemy. There was no more

need of witnesses, for all who were present had heard him. The people cried out that he was worthy of death, and some spit upon him, and struck him."

"Did he strike back, aunt?" said Dora, eagerly.

"No, my dear. Do you not remember, Henry, where this is prophesied, or foretold by Isaiah, when he says,

"'*I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheek to them which plucked off my hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting.*'

"Then again,

"'*He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.*

"'*He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.*'"

Dora did not say anything, but she looked towards Lewis, who seemed very uncomfortable, for I have no doubt he thought of their previous conversation.

Mrs. Elliott then gave them the picture. It

represented the judgment-hall of Pilate, and our Saviour standing bound in the midst of a throng of soldiers. The sentence of death had been pronounced. The long and cruel examination was over. The people who wished him dead, had refused to let a robber be crucified in his place. Pilate had delivered the Saviour to them, and in revenge for his calling himself the Redeemer that was to come, and rule over the Jewish nation, they made him a crown, and called him king in mockery. They scourged him with cruel stripes, they pressed the sharp thorns of the crown into his pure forehead, adding suffering and pain to their insults. And there he stood in the midst of them. The Lord of all the world; yet that he might save its inhabitants from eternal punishment, the vilest among men. His hands were bound, his face was downcast, "yet he opened not his mouth" to reproach them. He was patient amid all insults; and he bore the sharp pain of the lash, and of the thorns, without a murmur.

"Ah, that they could realize that this suffering was borne for them!" thought Mrs. Elliott, as she saw the children crowd around the picture, with hushed and eager faces.

"But, aunt Margaret," said Dora, as the picture was at last put back in its place, "you did not tell us about Peter; where was he all this time?"

"Three times, on the very night that he had said he would lay down his life for his Master, Peter denied that he knew anything about him, or had ever seen him. The last time, our Saviour heard him. He did not say anything, but he turned and gave Peter a look so sad, so tender, that the humbled disciple went out and wept bitterly.

"I hope my son will not be like him," added Mrs. Elliott, as she took the hand of Lewis affectionately between her own.

THE TWELFTH PICTURE.

THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

"I AM very glad," said Henry Lord, as they walked home from church next day, "that we did have that Bible lesson yesterday. Because now we shall finish the history of Christ's life before you and I go, perhaps. I wonder how many more pictures there are?"

"I counted more than twelve," answered Lewis, "once when mamma gave me the portfolio to put them all in straight; but there cannot be many more about the crucifixion, because we were almost through yesterday."

"I think the girls ought to be very happy, Lewis, having such a mamma. If my own had lived, I should have had a home, too."



THE THREE WOMEN AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

"But then you would not have been sent to school, and then I should n't have known you, and we should not have had this nice visit," returned Lewis.

"That 's very true; but then an own mamma and an own home, you know!"

Lewis felt that Henry would have been much happier, and he hardly knew what to say. So the boys walked on some distance without speaking, though they looked kindly towards each other, now and then.

"I think this is the last day the boys will be with us, mamma," cried Fannie, as they entered Mrs. Elliott's room, after dinner.

"Well, then we ought to be doubly attentive, and enjoy the lesson twice as much as usual; should we not, Dora?"

"I suppose so, aunt Margaret; I will try, for one," answered the little girl, taking the portfolio, and unclasping it, as she placed it on the little round table before Mrs. Elliott.

So they all listened with great interest, while Mrs. Elliott recounted what you have read in the last chapter, and then she went on to tell them what was done after the purple robe and the crown of thorns had been taken away.

"Pilate had given him up to the people and the soldiers," said Mrs. Elliott; "and you can imagine the insults and the pain with which they tortured him. But, with all this, he did not turn and curse them, as many would have done, or even pray to his FATHER that they might be punished. They had determined to crucify him. This was as shameful a death then, as hanging is now. Thieves and murderers were crucified, and it was a very long and cruel suffering. The cross was roughly made of heavy pieces of wood, and on this the poor victim was nailed, with his arms stretched out, and his head unsupported. You must think how painful it would be, to have great nails driven through your hands and feet against a rough wooden beam, without any other support, while you were left to hang by them.

"This was the death they had decreed for our Lord. And so they set forth from the palace. There was our Saviour, bound, as if he had been the most wicked criminal in the world. A guard of soldiers, with their spears, surrounded him, so that no one dared to think of a rescue. Of course, there was a crowd

of the vilest people drawn together; for it is only inhuman and degraded men who take pleasure in witnessing the shame and the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. Besides these, there were many lovely and kind-hearted women, who came as near as they dared, weeping and lamenting that one whom they loved and honoured should be so insulted and reviled. Some of our Saviour's truest friends and disciples were among the Jewish women.

"How sad a scene must this have been! The meek and suffering victim, the brutal crowd, trampling close beside him through the streets, and, afar off, the sorrowing women, helpless in their grief, but not the less true and fearless in their love of the sufferer. He had healed their brothers, or perhaps their husbands, of terrible sickness—had cured their children, when every one else gave them up as dying! And this was his reward. No wonder that they wept bitterly."

"Did not the Saviour try to comfort them, mamma?" asked Carrie.

"Yes; he told them not to weep for him, but for themselves. He knew how soon his

sufferings would be ended, and how great would be his reward. And he could see, for all things that have since happened were known to him, what terrible persecutions they must bear, if they were true to him. Or, perhaps, he was thinking of the fearful day when the Roman army burned the temple, and killed all the inhabitants that resisted them, as they destroyed Jerusalem.

"At last, they came to a place called Golgotha, or 'the place of a skull.' I suppose it was a spot on Mount Calvary, set apart for executions, and was hated and shunned by every one."

"I remember a field where somebody was hung a great many years ago, Mrs. Elliott," said Henry. "It was about a mile from our house, and none of us boys would go through it after dark. There were three tall poplar trees close by the fence, and the middle one looked as if it was dead. It was a very lonely place; and I suppose every one felt just so about Golgotha."

"I have no doubt but it was avoided then, just as the field was," said Mrs. Elliott, "though

now it has become a place of pilgrimage. And to this lonely, frightful spot, the sad procession came. Here they nailed our Saviour to the rough beams of the cross, and here, with the blood streaming from his wounded hands and feet, he hung. There was a thief on each side of him, to show with what contempt they regarded 'the impostor,' as they called him. Crowds of coarse and brutal people came to look upon his sufferings, and to nod their heads in scorn, as they went away. The very thieves called him shameful names, and mocked him, as being worse than they.

"Think how those who truly loved him must have felt through these long hours of agony! They dared not do anything to relieve him, and could only stand by and watch life pass slowly away. His meek patience did not forsake him; and it won the heart of one of those wicked men. The prayer of the penitent thief was heard—his unkindness and his sins all forgiven. He was promised that he should pass with his Lord from earth to Paradise.

"At last, a strange, thick darkness covered the whole city. The people began to tremble,

for it was like night, and there could be no reason for it, unless the dying one was indeed the Son of God. They saw how patiently he bore all that they had heaped upon him—how unselfish he was to think of his mother's comfort and happiness, when he had suffered so much. For when he saw her standing and weeping there, he gave her to the care of the disciple he had loved the best, who from that moment was a son to her for his Master's sake.

"The sharp wounds now began to be doubly painful. A burning fever and thirst was added to his torments. But no hand of love could reach him to soothe and comfort. There was no one to bathe his burning forehead, or reach him a cooling draught. A sponge full of vinegar was all that the soldiers would give him, and for a moment the anguish was so great, that he felt as if even God had forsaken him. There was one fearful cry sent from his lips, and then that poor throbbing head was bowed, as death released our Master from all pain and agony.

"'*It is finished*,' he said, as his earthly task was ended. His life of shame and loneliness,

his cruel and undeserved death-pangs, were ended. The world was free from the bondage of Satan. The promise of a Redeemer was fulfilled. From that hour those who plead for God's pardon could say, 'for thy Son's sake.' The Lamb of God had taken away the sins of the world."

There were tears in the eyes of the children as Mrs. Elliott stopped speaking, for her own voice trembled with deep feeling. Fannie sobbed aloud, for she never could see or hear of suffering without being deeply grieved herself. She did not feel as she afterwards felt, when she was old enough to know, that *her* sins and *her* ingratitude had then been added to the weight of her Master's woe. She has since shed more bitter tears at this very thought, as she listened to the solemn words of the Litany—

"By thine agony, and bloody sweat, by thy cross, and passion, by thy precious death and burial,

"*Good Lord deliver us.*"

"Even the soldiers," continued Mrs. Elliott, "were amazed at these strange and terrible things. Many were won to believe the truth

of what they had heard. Their captain said, 'of a truth he was a righteous man.'

"It was the eve of the Jewish Sabbath, when it was not lawful for any execution to be going on. So men were sent to put an end to the sufferings of the thieves who were yet alive. But when they came to Jesus, they found he was beyond all pain; though one of them, in the malice of his wicked heart, thrust a spear into his side, when the blood and water gushed out.

"This was the last insult that it was possible for them to offer. In a few moments more, those who loved him had come to bear the body of their Lord to the tomb. With pious hands they took him gently from the cross. They drew the cruel nails from his swollen flesh, and cleansed his bleeding side with fragrant water. A pure linen robe was wrapped about the silent form, and, in tears and grief, they bore him to his rest.

"It was not a grave like those we see, but more like the vault in the hill-side, where Fannie's grand-parents are laid. It was cut from the rock, and belonged to the rich man, who

had begged to be permitted thus to reverence in death, the Master he had served. So through the beautiful garden the friends of Jesus passed, when they had laid him to rest. But the next day a guard of soldiers came to watch over it, by the order of the Jews. They feared the disciples would steal away the body, and then pretend that Christ had returned to life again. This was because our Saviour had said that on the third day he should rise from the dead.

"Of course they did not believe that this could be, but they knew if the people could be made to think Christ was alive again, more would follow him than ever before. So a great stone was rolled to the door of the sepulchre, and the sound of the soldiers' footsteps was heard in the stillness of the night.

"But morning came. And even before it was day, those good women who had loved our Saviour so much, came to the entrance of the garden. It seems they too thought all was over, for they brought spices, and precious things that were used for embalming the dead. They were going to pay the last tribute of love to their Master, and prepare him for his burial.

"I can see them now, going sadly on their way, talking of his love, and his gentleness, and how lonely they should be now that he was taken from them. When suddenly, as they came to the door of the tomb, they saw the stone had been rolled away, and it was empty. No, not empty; for in another moment an angel, clad in white, appeared to them, and told them all that had happened. How their Lord had gone forth from the tomb, and had cast aside the garments of death, that were lying near them. And no wonder they could not speak for amazement, while they listened to the strange story."

Here Carrie took up the picture that had been lying before them all the time, although they had been so much interested in what Mrs. Elliott was saying, that they forgot to look at it. It was just what she had described to them. They saw the garden, and the tomb, the three women looking towards the angel, as he told them their Lord was not there.

It was quite dark before the children left Mrs. Elliott that pleasant Sunday evening, for they had many questions to ask, and it was

the last time they would be all together for many months. Henry Lord never forgot that long twilight conversation, and he and Lewis spoke of it very often after they had returned to school.

THE THIRTEENTH PICTURE.

CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY IN THE GARDEN.

Monday was a very busy day at Oatlands, for Cousin Jane particularly. The boys were to go on Tuesday, and all their trunks were to be packed. Mrs. Elliott was not able to attend to anything, but the little girls assisted as much as possible. They arranged all the clothes, and those that needed a stitch here and there, were carried to Cousin Jane for attention.

Henry and Lewis packed the books, and were very much pleased when Mr. Elliott took them to the large book-case in the hall, and told them to choose any volume they liked from it. And what do you think they carried away?



CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY IN THE GARDEN.

Lewis had his mind made up before he came into the hall, and walking straight to the lower shelf, took down the great copy of the Arabian Nights. His father smiled, for it had long been intended for Lewis, when he should be old enough to read it.

Henry looked over a great many volumes. There were so many that he should have liked, he hardly knew how to make a choice. But after all, he selected a little French Testament, bound in green morocco. He had often wanted a French Testament, and Mr. Elliott thought he had chosen very wisely. Dora was very anxious to hear how the Lord's Prayer would sound in another language, and Henry read it to her. It seemed so strange, she said, to think of the Bible being anything but English. So Henry told her, that for a long time there was no English Bible at all, and that people had to depend upon the translation of the priests, who read it to them in Latin. Then Mr. Elliott told them a great many strange things about the translation of the Bible, and about the beautiful manuscripts which the monks used to make before printing was discovered. He showed

them one of the gospels, written on parchment, which had cost a great deal, and was many hundred years old. There was a border of blue and crimson figures, painted around every page, and rude pictures of scenes from the Testament.

How different they were from the fine engravings in the portfolio! Dora said she was very glad she had not lived in the days when there were no books; but Lewis said of course there was no studying to be done then, and he thought the boys must have had fine times.

"I think people must have prized the Bible more, then," continued Mr. Elliott; "for we all like best, those things we cannot have. If the pure crystal water, which we think so little of and use so carelessly, was only obtained by great cost and labour, we should value it above the finest wine. Now, when good Testaments can be bought for a few cents, we think very little of them, when once it would have been considered quite a fortune to own one."

All this conversation passed while Mr. Elliott was writing the boys' names in their new books. Then they all went to Mrs. Elliott's room, for

prayers. They were to start early in the morning, so the children went to their beds very soon.

Partings are generally very sad scenes. None of us know whether it is God's will that we should meet again, and we like always to be with those we love. But though children feel very badly at the time, they soon get over it; and so Lewis and Henry were talking very merrily by the time the carriage reached Boston next morning, and wondering who they were going to have for schoolmates this term. They drove rapidly through the busy streets to the stage-office, and there Mr. Elliott left them, comfortably seated on the outside of the carriage, with their trunks lashed on behind.

The girls felt sad much longer. They missed the quick step and merry laugh of Lewis. Carrie thought of Henry very often; for they were much alike, and he was so gentle and unselfish, that nobody could help loving him. It was a dull week, on the whole; and even Dora was not sorry when Saturday night came. When the lesson-hour of Sunday arrived, they walked very soberly in, and took the seats they had been accustomed to; but they missed the boys

more than ever. Mrs. Elliott thought of her son, as well as they, I fancy, but she listened to their lamentations of loneliness without saying so, and gave Carrie the next picture on the list.

"What do you think it is intended for?" said she, as Fannie peeped over her sister's shoulder.

"Why, there seems to be a beautiful wood—no, a garden, I think it is. There are rocks, and trees, and hills, a great way off. Then there is our Saviour — I know it must be him, because there are rays of light around his head, just as there are in pictures of the babe, when the wise men came, in the manger. Then there is a lady, looking very astonished or frightened, and she is kneeling down before him."

"Well, Fannie, imagine that some one you loved very much — your father, for instance — was dead. What if you had stood by the side of the bed, while he was sick, and had helped me take care of him. Then when he came to die, you had known there was no more hope. You would see the eyes that now smile on you so kindly, closed for ever. You might kiss the

forehead, but it would be as cold as marble. The lips that had kissed you so often, had grown stiff and pale, and you would feel that you could never listen to your father's voice again. I think this would make you very unhappy, Fannie."

"Oh, mamma, how can you talk about such things! I should want to die, too—I 'm sure I should."

"Then you can imagine something of the sorrow which Mary Magdalene felt, when she saw her Lord laid in the tomb.

"And what if, after all, you should go some day to your father's grave, and find it was empty. And while you were wondering what it could mean, he should stand before you himself, alive and well, smiling upon you, and calling you 'my daughter.'"

"Oh, mamma!"

"It was so with poor Mary Magdalene. She came early, on the first day of the week, to visit the tomb of her best friend. But it was empty. Then she wandered off through the garden, looking for some one that she might enquire of about it. Blinded by her tears, she did not

look up when she heard a step coming towards her; but she said, thinking it to be the gardener, 'Oh, tell me where you have laid him.'

"'Mary!' said a well-known voice, so sweet, so soft.

"In one moment her tears were dried. She felt who it was that spoke, and answered but one little word—

"'My Master!'

"Think what a gush of happiness must have filled her heart, as she bowed before him. It was, indeed, her *Master;* but he had now become her Redeemer. 'Death and hell had not prevailed against him;' and from that day, the first, instead of the seventh day of the week, has been kept sacred by Christians in memory of the resurrection."

"Oh, I should have been too happy for anything, I think," said Carrie. "I should have run the very moment I was sure it was him to tell you, and Fannie, and all the rest. How I should have liked to have such good news to tell!"

"There, too, you would be like Mary. For our Saviour charged her to go at once, and tell

his disciples what had happened. So she went with willing feet, to make them as happy as herself, though she was the only one who had seen him."

"But about the soldiers, aunt Margaret. Did not the wicked Jews believe then that Christ told the truth?"

"They were hired to say that the disciples had come in the night to steal him away. And I suppose the Jews were only too willing to believe it. To this day, that is what they will tell you, if you ask them about it."

"Then did nobody but Mary see the Saviour, after he was alive again?" asked Carrie. "I thought he told Peter about the little lambs, and saw them draw in the fish, after that."

"Yes, we shall have something about Peter in our next lesson. Christ appeared to them several times, after he saw Mary. Once, when some of them were walking to a little village called Emmaus, and talking over all that had happened, he came near them, and asked what it was that interested them so much.

"They thought it was strange that he had not heard about the wonderful things every one

was talking of. So they began to tell him about it. And when he found how faithless they were, that they did not really believe what Mary had told them, he said, 'oh, ye fools, and slow of heart.' But it was a sorrowful, and not an angry rebuke.

"So he began with the Old Testament, to explain to them how his life and death had been foretold. They did not know him all the while, as they walked along together. I suppose he began with the covenant between God and Abraham, and followed the history of the Jewish nation up to that time. He made them see how plainly everything had been foretold. They were very much interested in the conversation; and when they came to the village, asked him to stop with them, as it was very late. It was not until he took bread, and blessed it, at supper, as he had done once before, that they knew who their companion was. But he vanished from them."

"Then I suppose they went and told the rest," said Fannie.

"Yes, they went directly back to Jerusalem, where the eleven apostles were—"

"Twelve apostles, aunt Margaret."

"You forget that Judas was dead. So there was only eleven then, and they all kept together. The men found them very easily; and while they were telling the wonderful story, Christ himself appeared in their midst.

"Instead of being happy, as Mary had been, they were very much frightened, and thought a spirit had appeared. But he soothed them with kind words, and made even Thomas, who at first doubted, to believe that he was indeed risen again. Then the time came when he must part from them, and return to his heavenly home. We are told that he ascended before them into heaven, and while they watched him, a cloud received him out of their sight. Then angels came, and asked them why they stood gazing up into heaven; for the angels knew, and told the disciples, that Christ should come again to earth as the Judge of the living and the dead."

"Is that all, aunt Margaret? Have you told us the whole of the life of Christ?"

"Do you not remember we commenced with the birth of the little infant in Bethany. Then we talked about the principal events of his mi-

nistry. Our last two lessons were of his death; and now we have seen how he ascended to the heaven he had left for our sake."

"I think it is so intereresting to understand what we read about in the Testament. And that's what all the gospels are about, isn't it, mamma?" said Carrie. "Just what Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, remembered about the Saviour."

"Oh," said Dora, "that's the reason they have the same stories in. Well, it has been very interesting, and I hope there are more lessons yet."



PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON BY THE ANGEL.

THE FOURTEENTH PICTURE.

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON BY THE ANGEL.

Mrs. Elliott had improved so rapidly in the last few weeks, that she began to think of going out again. Her physician gave his consent that she should leave her room at any rate, and great was the joy of the children, when on the next Sunday afternoon, she came down to the parlour, leaning on Mr. Elliott's arm. She was still very pale and feeble, but now her recovery was certain.

"I think I shall have to be allowed to stay in your class this afternoon," said Mr. Elliott, "since I have brought you your teacher."

"Oh, *be* our teacher, this afternoon; please do, papa," said Carrie.

"Ah, please, uncle Elliott."

"Well, my little Dora, I have no lesson prepared, but we will see. At least I can tell if you have improved by what you have been learning. How is the New Testament divided, Carrie?"

"Into the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles."

"And what are the gospels, Fannie?"

"Different histories of the life of our Saviour. We learned that in our last lesson, papa."

"Uncle, what does the Acts of the Apostles mean. I think it is such an odd name," interrupted Dora.

"Well, what if I should write an account of all you have done since you have been with us. Would it not be a history of your actions, or acts, and we might call it 'the Acts of Dora.'"

"Oh, now I understand—but I guess I should not like you to write such a story." Dora thought of several misdeeds that would not have looked very well written down.

"So the Acts tell what the apostles did, after the Saviour was gone back to heaven. Is that it, papa?"

"Yes, little Fannie; and we are going to have a story from it this afternoon, I should think, by the picture your mamma has just given me. It is something about Peter. What do you remember of Peter, Carrie?"

"Oh, there is a great deal about Peter, papa. The walking on the sea, you know."

"Tell us what you remember about it."

"Why, Jesus went away from the disciples one night, and they were all in a ship. Then when it was quite dark, he came to them walking upon the water. Peter thought he could walk upon the water too. So he left the ship, and went towards the Saviour. But the waves came up over his feet, and he found he was going to sink. Then he called out, 'Lord, save, or I perish;' and the Saviour reached out his hands, and held Peter up."

"Then it was Peter who said the Saviour should not wash his feet, the night when they were all at supper; don't you remember, Fannie?" said Dora.

"Yes, and he said he could never leave the Saviour; and that very night he said, three

times, that he never had heard anything about him."

"But I think Jesus loved Peter, papa, for he only looked at him. Something as mamma looks at me when I offend her, I think. It always seem to say, 'oh, Carrie, how can you grieve me so!'"

Mrs. Elliott smiled affectionately, and said, "you are right, my daughter."

"Mamma read me a nice story about Peter, when I was sick," said Fannie. "It was after the Saviour was alive again, and they were talking together. The Saviour asked Peter if he loved him, and Peter said, 'yes.' Then he said,

"'*Feed my lambs.*'

"But he asked Peter again, as if he did not believe him, or something. So Peter answered just the same. Then the Saviour told him—

"'*Feed my sheep.*'

"Afterwards, he asked Peter again, and said the same. That made three times—just as many times as Peter had denied him. Didn't it, mamma?"

"I wonder if it did not make Peter think of that?" said Carrie.

"No doubt it did," answered Mr. Elliott. "And Peter did not hesitate to expose himself to danger, and to death even, that he might teach others to love his Master. This is what Jesus meant by feeding his flock. After the Saviour had left this world, the disciples kept together, just as you children would love each other better, if your mamma or I should be taken from you. It was Peter who proposed that they should choose another apostle in the place of Judas, so that there might be twelve again. They decided on Matthias, as you will find in the first chapter of Acts.

"Then afterwards, we find Peter standing up on the day of Pentecost, and explaining to the people who came to hear them preach, how they came to believe in a new religion, and telling them, that if they wished to find favour in God's sight, they too must repent, and be baptized.

"It was one of the finest sermons that has ever been listened to, and three thousand people were converted to believe as they did, on that very day. This was the commencement of the Christian church, of which hundreds of thousands have since been members.

"From that time, there were many convinced every day that the apostles spoke the truth; and that Jesus was the Redeemer the Jews had been looking for so long. Peter seems to have been more busy than any of them. It seems as if he was trying to atone for his faults. It was Peter who went with John into the Temple, when they healed the lame men; and afterwards defended their faith, when they were tried before the chief priests. For, of course, the Jews were very angry when they found more people than ever becoming Christians. They were called so, because Christ was their Master.

"After a while, Herod, the king—(I suppose you have learned how he became king over the Jews, before this?) — began to get very angry. He determined to put a stop to the new religion, and began by beheading James. The Jews liked this, and Herod wished to gain their favour, so he sent the soldiers to put Peter into prison. I suppose it was because he was so active in doing good.

"The rest of the disciples felt very badly at having their leader taken away from them, but they could do nothing to rescue him themselves.

Now, what do you think they did, in this case? Leave him to die there?"

"Oh, I hope not, uncle."

"But what *could* they do, papa?"

"What we can all do, when there is no one on earth to help us. They prayed without ceasing for God's assistance. They remembered that Christ had told them, whatsoever two or three should earnestly ask in his name, should be granted. I do not believe their prayers were such formal tasks, as the prayers of many of us are now."

"But they had seen the Saviour, and knew how much he loved them," said Fannie.

"What were his parting words, my daughter? 'I am with you always.' He is as near us now, and loves us as well. The only difference is, that *our* faith in him, and our love to him, is less. We will see how their prayers were answered.

"There was everything to discourage them. The prison was very strong. Peter was guarded by many bands of soldiers. There was no possible way of escape. But still they prayed. So, in answer to these fervent petitions, God wrought

one of the greatest miracles recorded after the death of the Saviour.

"To make all sure and safe, Peter slept between two soldiers, and was bound with a double chain. But one night, a bright light shone into his cell, and an angel came and roused him from his sleep. Here is the whole scene; and you may see for yourselves the dismal dungeon, the heavy chains, and the sleeping soldiers. There is the bright light shining on Peter, who has just awakened.

"The angel told Peter not to be alarmed, but to put on his sandals and his robe, and come forth. So Peter followed his angelic guide through the throng of armed men, who did not move a limb, out into the free open air. When they came to the great iron gate of the city, it opened of its own accord, and Peter was once more at liberty."

"Why, it's just like a fairy-tale," said Dora.

"It's better than a fairy-tale," answered Fannie, "for it's all true. Isn't it, papa?"

"Certainly, my dear; you can read it for yourselves in the 12th chapter of Acts, any time you please. And there is more there. It goes

on to tell how Peter went to his friends, and they were so frightened, that they thought he was executed, and this was his spirit come to tell them about it. They were happy enough to find it all reality."

"But didn't the king try to get him again, papa?"

"He was very angry, I suppose, at the escape of his prisoner. He examined the soldiers who had the charge of Peter, and had them put to death. But he died himself soon after, of a very cruel and terrible disease, which was sent to punish him for his great wickedness."

"I think I like you very much for a teacher, papa," said Fannie, springing to Mr. Elliott's knee and throwing her arms around his neck, as the portfolio was closed.

"So do I," said Dora; "but who would have thought that 'the Acts' I never could bear to read, because it was such an ugly name I could not understand, had such beautiful stories in it?"

THE FIFTEENTH PICTURE.

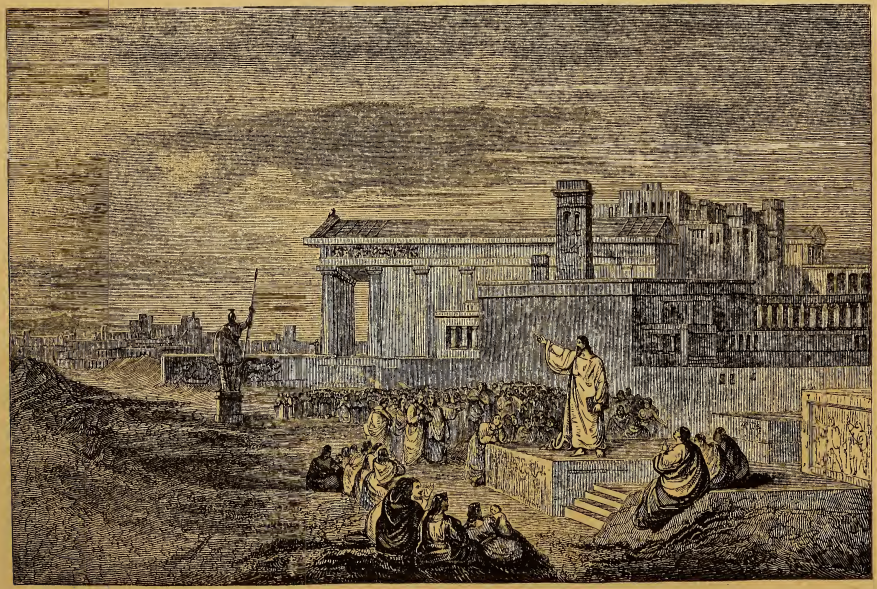
PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

"MAMMA," said Fannie, when they next met for the lesson of the day, "I cannot understand about Paul. I am very sure he was not among the twelve apostles, because I read every name over; and yet, when the epistle was read this morning, I noticed it said, 'Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ.'"

"And he seems to have written so many of the Epistles," added Carrie.

"Epistles mean letters. How can there be any letters in the Testament, aunt?" asked Dora.

"Well, we will answer Dora's question first; for after the Acts of the Apostles, which we talked about last Sunday, the rest of the Testa-



PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

ment is all composed of the Epistles. When your father was your teacher, he said, suppose we should die, and leave you children alone in the world. Well, let us go on with this. You would like to keep together as much as possible; but it might be necessary to live apart. You would wish to do all that you knew your father and I had desired while we were with you; but perhaps the younger ones might forget our rules, or not exactly understand them. Then Lewis, as the eldest, although separated from you, could write long letters of advice, and to recall all our instructions.

"So it was something like this in the early church — Christ's family. The elder apostles wrote to the different companies of disciples that were scattered through the country, all they could remember of Christ's teachings, and the rules for their conduct. These letters were preserved with great care, and as the apostles were inspired men, their epistles became a part of the Bible. The instructions contained in them are just as necessary for our guidance now, as for the disciples then."

"Now I understand all about the Testament," said Dora, very proudly.

Mrs. Elliott thought she had a great deal to learn yet, and told her little niece so. "We can never know too much about it," she said, "or read it too often. But what you mean, is, that you understand the plan better, and you will always be more interested in it, I think."

"I don't believe any one could be interested, except in the stories," said Dora, "unless it was explained. Now about the Acts, you know. How I hated the Acts."

"Do not say 'hate' so much," answered her aunt. "It seems to be a favourite word with you to express dislike. Now, we ought not to *hate* anything but sin. However, we have another lesson from that part of the Testament to-day; for here is a picture of Paul preaching at Athens, and if we find out all about this, Fannie's question will be answered."

"What did Fannie wish to know, aunt, I forget."

"Why, don't you remember, I asked how Paul could be an apostle, and then you said something about the Epistles. Please, mamma, will you talk to us to-day, for neither Carrie nor I remember about it."

"What! have you forgotten the conversion of Saul, Carrie?"

"But that was not Paul, mamma."

"Yes, the name was changed to Paul after he became an apostle. What do you remember about it?"

"Why, Saul was a Jew, and did not like the Christians at all. He helped Herod to persecute them; and once he was on a journey, trying to bring all he could to Jerusalem, that they might be punished. He was near Damascus, when there was such a terrible light shining down from heaven, that he was very much frightened. Then there was a voice that said,

"'*Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?*'"

"Oh, I remember that myself, now," said Fannie. "You read it to us, mamma, one Sunday, just before Dora came."

"And what happened after that—did he lie there on the ground?"

"Why, he asked who it was that spoke to him, and the same voice answered and told him, that it was the Saviour he was persecuting."

"How could he persecute the Saviour, if he had gone back to heaven?" asked Fannie.

"Do you remember our Lord once said, that if we did anything for his disciples, it was the same as if we did it for him? And it is so if his children are persecuted."

"Then Saul was blind, wasn't he, mamma? And I don't remember any more."

"Yes, when he rose he could not see at all; but the voice had told him to go to Damascus, and his duty would be pointed out to him. So the men that were with him led him to the city, where one of the disciples was directed to meet him, and restore his sight. The Lord had told this disciple that Saul was chosen to be a great teacher of the true faith, among the Gentiles, or people who were not Jews. After Saul received his sight again, he was baptized at once, and began to be as busy in the work of Christ as he had been against him. He did not put it off, or wait until he had reached another city. But there, in Damascus, where he had come to torment the Christians, he went among the Jews instead, and told them all that he believed the new faith was right.

"It was such a wonderful conversion that many began to inquire about the matter, and to

listen to his preaching; though at first the disciples could hardly believe that it was a real change. But the Jews began to dislike him, and talk among themselves about killing him. There were high walls about all the cities then, with gates, in and out of which every one passed. So their plan was, to kill him as he went through one of these gates. But his new friends found it out, and let him down from the wall in a basket. So he escaped them."

"Oh, that was so nice!" exclaimed Dora, who had been listening with the deepest interest.

"But there 's nothing about that in the picture," said Fannie, who held it. "Here is Paul in the midst of a great many beautiful houses, that look like the pictures of Girard College, and there is a crowd of people about him. It says underneath, '*Paul Preaching at Athens.*'"

"That was long after what I have been telling you happened. Paul had become a great teacher among the Christians. For in the first place, he was a man of much learning, and had been educated by one of the best scholars in the world. Then he had so much zeal, that is,

such a warm desire to do all that he could to atone for his early sins, that he was never weary of labouring for the church.

"There is one story about him, where he went with Barnabas to Lystra, and healed a cripple that had never walked at all. The people, who were idolators, said that the gods had come down from heaven, to visit them, and they wanted to make a sacrifice to them. The priest of Jupiter, the principal god of their worship, brought beautiful oxen, adorned with garlands of flowers, to the gate of the city; and all that Paul could say, hardly persuaded them that their visitors were only men like themselves.

"It was after that we find Paul waiting at Athens, the most beautiful city of Greece, and, indeed, of the whole world, at that time. He was obliged to remain there, as his friends did not return, and it grieved him very much to see the idolatry of the people. When you study history, you will read a great deal about Greece, and the gods which they worshipped there. There were more learned men in the place than in all the rest of the world. Paul *would* reprove the people for their idol worship. He could

not see them so blind and ignorant without trying to make them better. So some of the wise men heard about him, and brought him to Mars' Hill, a great public place of resort, and asked him to explain the new doctrine.

"He was only too glad to do this, and though some ridiculed what he said, there were others who turned from their many idols, to follow the one true God. This place where Paul is standing is Mars' Hill, and you can see how great a stir a sermon preached so publicly must have made."

"Oh, tell us more about Paul," they all said, as Mrs. Elliott told them the lesson was finished.

So she promised them to go on with his life the next Sunday, which was to be the last but one that Dora would pass at Oatlands.

THE SIXTEENTH PICTURE.

PAUL SHIPWRECKED.

"OH, DEAR! how dreadful!" exclaimed Dora, as Mrs. Elliott handed her the picture, which she was to explain to them the next Sunday afternoon.

"Why, that's Peter walking on the water!" said Fannie, peeping over her shoulder.

"No, for where is the Saviour — and this person is climbing up by rocks, when Peter sank down in the middle of the sea."

"I think it must be Paul," said Carrie, "for mamma said there would be more about him to-day. I wonder if he was drowned?"

"And did he come out of that ship, mamma?



PAUL SHIPWRECKED.

What great high, white waves, Dora. I think he must have been drowned, don't you?"

"Well, we shall find out all about it before the lesson is over. Though it will be a short one, for I am not as strong as usual, and your papa is coming to read to me, after the afternoon service. See, there are but two more pictures left."

"I wish Lewis and Henry were here," said Fannie, as they drew their little chairs closer to their kind teacher.

"I guess they wish so, too," said her sister. "Lewis said so in his letter to papa. I wish he was home always."

"And that Henry and I lived here, too," added Dora, who did not like to think about going back home, as the time for leaving Oatlands drew rapidly near.

"Oh, of course we want you!" said Fannie.

"Well, little birds, if you have done chattering with each other, we will see what can be found about this shipwreck," said Mrs. Elliott, looking up suddenly. "And first you must remember that Paul had to travel, or did travel, a great deal. He is sometimes called the apostle

of the Gentiles, because he went most among them, and they were scattered about through the country. So he went from one church to another, teaching them, and strengthening them in their times of trouble and persecution. Sometimes he was alone. On other journeys different disciples went with him.

"He was often in great peril and danger. Once when at Ephesus, the people rose in great uproar, and wanted to kill him. They accused him of destroying the faith of all the country in Diana, who was the goddess of that city. But the public officers interfered, and saved him, though he was obliged to leave the city.

"After a long time passed in this way, Paul began to feel that his work was nearly completed. Like our Saviour, he knew that the Jews wished to kill him, and yet he felt that he must go up to Jerusalem, whatever happened. He called all his friends together, and told them this; then he exhorted them to be strong in the service of their Master, and after that he bade them a sorrowful farewell. They felt that he would not return again. His journey to Jeru-

salem was made very slowly, and at last they came to Cesarea. It was in this place that one named Agabus, took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet. No doubt the disciples thought this a strange thing to do, and asked him what it meant. So he answered, that the Jews at Jerusalem should thus bind the man to whom the girdle belonged. Then every one tried to persuade Paul to stay away from the danger, for they loved him very much. His answer was full of holy resolution—

"'*What mean ye to weep, and to break my heart? for I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus.*'

"They knew, then, that nothing could change his purpose. So they answered—

"'*The will of the Lord be done.*'

"The last temptation to turn aside from his duty was overcome, and he went into the city of Jerusalem, prepared to meet anything which might happen to him there.

"I have not time to tell you how it all came about; but the Jews made the people very angry with Paul, for preaching the Christian

faith, and finally he was led, bound as had been prophesied, to answer for what he had done, before the people.

"He stood on the castle stairs, and told them all about his life, and how he had been converted from a Jew to a Christian. But he was imprisoned, and though he afterwards was permitted to defend himself before the governor, he had appealed for assistance to the Roman king, and it was necessary to send him to Italy. It was not so easy in those days, as it is now, to travel. There were no steamships or railroad cars, and the journey was very long and dangerous. They went in a ship, under the care of Roman soldiers, and sailed slowly along the coast of Asia. Once they stopped at the island of Crete, and here Paul told them they had better stay all winter, for he knew the voyage would be dangerous. But they would not listen to him, and set out again. Not long after they left the shore, a terrible tempest came on. The ship became quite unmanageable, and they were obliged to let it drive on before the wind.

"They cast overboard all that they could

find, to lighten it, and finally were obliged to cut away the sails. Still she drove on before the storm, and for many days they could see neither the sun or stars, the clouds were drifting so darkly above them. Paul was the only one who did not give up all hope. He told them that an angel of God had appeared to him, and said that there should be no lives lost, but that the ship would be cast upon an island. This was fourteen days after the storm first commenced, and about midnight one of the sailors cried out that they were near land. But they knew nothing of the coast, as they had drifted a long way from their course. So they all assembled on deck, and waited for the daylight with the greatest anxiety. They had not eaten anything in many days, they had been so much alarmed; but Paul advised them to be of 'good cheer,' and when morning came they discovered a small island near them.

"But the ship could not gain it. All at once, there was a dull, grating sound, a heavy shock, and the great waves began to beat over the vessel. She had struck upon a rock, and was breaking in pieces. Now there was a terrible

confusion; for the only hope was, that they might be able to swim to the shore. Some of the soldiers proposed to kill all the prisoners, for fear they might escape. But their captain knew that it was Paul who had saved their lives, by his good advice and his courage, so he would not listen to this; and one after another cast themselves into the sea. Some were not able to swim; but they fastened themselves to planks and pieces of the ship, and so floated safely through the cold, wintry waves."

"And did they *all* come safely to land, aunt Margaret? Just as Paul had said?"

"Yes—there was not one lost; and the people of the island, although they were savages, received them very kindly, and took care of them all winter."

"And this is Saint Paul, swimming to the shore. Oh, now I see how dreadful it must have been. What a black sky, and such roaring waves!"

"How do you know they were roaring waves, Fannie?" asked her sister.

"Well, I'm sure they look so. But what became of Paul, mamma? Did he get safely to Rome, after all?"

"There was another vessel at the island, that was waiting there all winter. In the spring, Paul was put among the passengers, and at last, after much peril, he arrived safely at Rome."

"And here comes papa with his book," said Fannie.

"And I have only one Sunday more at Oatlands. Just think of it, girls," said Dora, as they left the room.

HE SEVENTEENTH PICTURE.

ST. JOHN.

"A LETTER from your father, Dora," said Mr. Elliott, at the breakfast-table, the next morning.

"Oh, from papa! and is he well—when will he come, uncle Elliott?"

"Sooner than he expected, by three days. He has returned from the west, and is now in Boston. He may be here to-night, when I return from the city."

"Arn't you *very* happy, Dora?" said her cousins.

"Very!" answered the little girl; but for all that, her lips quivered, and the tears came into her eyes. She was thinking of leaving them all; and though she was happy to know her papa



ST. JOHN.

was at home again, she did not wish to go back to her prim governess, and the dull Sundays she must pass.

Mrs. Elliott had come down to breakfast for the first time, and she saw what Dora was thinking of. So to turn the conversation, she said—

"I have some news for you, girls — the passion-flowers are out."

"Oh, how charming!" they all exclaimed, and everything was forgotten, as they ran up stairs, two steps at a time, to see them.

Mrs. Elliott followed more slowly, and found them on the piazza, grouped about the strange pale flower, in wonder and delight. It was not as pretty as Dora had expected; for she thought it would have been more like the deep crimson blossom of the cactus. But the soft blue fringe, with its purple tip, fell lightly around the curious stamen and pistil that stood up so boldly in the centre, and it seemed more interesting the longer they looked upon it.

Mrs. Elliott proposed that they should finish the portfolio, as Dora might go before another Sunday. But before she opened it, she read to them a poem about the passion-flower, written

by Mary Howitt, which explained how it came to be called by that name.

I love the good old passion-flower!
It bringeth to my mind
The young days of the Christian church,
Dim ages left behind.

I see the bloody streets of Rome,
The throng — the burning pyre,
And Christians stand, with clasped hands,
Amid the raging fire.

I hear the women, angel-toned,
The men with courage high,
Preach their dear Lord, amid their pangs,
Forgive their foes, and die.

I see, far from the world apart,
In desert places dwell,
The early fathers of the church,
In wood or mountain cell.

And there the wondering thousands came,
By love and pity brought,
To hear them tell of Jesus Christ,
And the new truths he taught.

I see the fearless fathers stand
Amid the eager throng,
Preaching, like Paul at Athens,
In burning words, and strong.

Again, I see a lonely man,
Of spirit sad and mild,
Who hath his little dwelling-place
Amid a region wild.

The wild flowers of the desert
Grow round him thick as weeds,
And in their beautiful array,
Of holy things he reads.

The red is the dear blood of Christ,
The white, the pure from sin,
The yellow is the seamless robe
Christ was appareled in.

All four-leaved flowers bring to his mind
The cross whereon he died;
And every thorn, the cruel spear,
That pierced his blessed side.

I see him, as he mused one day
Beneath a forest bower,
With clasped hands stand, and upturned eyes,
Before an open flower;
Exclaiming, with a fervid joy,
"I have found the passion-flower!"

The passion of our blessed Lord,
With all his pangs and pain,
Set forth within a little flower,
In shape and colour plain!

Behold the ladder, and the cord
With which his limbs were tied!
Behold the five deep, cruel wounds,
In hands, and feet, and side!

Behold the hammer and the nails—
The bloody crown of thorns;
And there his precious tears were left,
Of God and man forlorn!

Up, I will forth into the world,
And take this flower with me,
To preach the death of Christ to all,
As it has preached to me.

And thus the good old passion-flower
Throughout the world was sent,
To breathe into all Christian hearts
Its holy sentiment.

"This is the crown of thorns," said Dora, pointing eagerly to the purple fringe.

"And this in the centre is the hammer, and those the nails. How plain it is, mamma, and what a beautiful story dear Mrs. Howitt has written about it."

"But what does this picture mean?" asked Carrie, who was looking at one Mrs. Elliott held in her hands. "It is the sweetest one of

all, girls—a dear little boy, and a most beautiful lamb."

"It is called St. John, my dear. Don't you remember in the first part of the Testament, John the Baptist pointed to our Saviour, and said, '*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!*'"

"Yes, and then you explained to us, mamma, how he did 'take away the sin of the world," answered Carrie.

"Why, I thought the world was very wicked, now, aunt. How can both things be?"

"Christ died while all the earth was sinful, that those who ask for pardon may be saved. Satan, or the spirit of evil, has still power over those who live. It is permitted for a certain time. But when we pray,

'*Thy kingdom come,*'

we ask our heavenly Father to destroy the kingdom of Satan, as he will do some day. The picture of St. John and the lamb is what is called *figurative*, for he was a man, when he pointed his disciples to Jesus as the lamb of the world. Here is another, *figurative* also.

THE EIGHTEENTH AND LAST PICTURE.

AN ANGEL BINDING SATAN.

"THIS is to illustrate what I have just told you, that the spirit of evil would one day be destroyed. It is represented here, as in the picture of the Temptation, as the figure of a fearful monster. The angel is the stronger power of good, that will overcome Satan's kingdom. Then indeed shall 'the lamb of God take away the sin of the world,' for this victory is given by our Father in heaven for Christ's sake.

"I do not expect you to understand these things now; you will read for yourselves, as you grow older. But this you can always remember, that there are wicked thoughts and wishes in your hearts, sent there by this evil power, and you can overcome them by the assistance of God's Holy Spirit. Then at last Satan will be bound in your souls, and you will look to the Lamb of God, to take away *your* sin."



THE ANGEL BINDING SATAN.

"How beautiful it will be when there is nothing wrong in the whole wide world, mamma."

"Not really more beautiful than to see a human heart pure and holy. We cannot expect to live until evil is taken from the world, but we can struggle every day to do rightly ourselves."

"If every one did perfectly right, just for themselves, the kingdom of God would be here on earth, mamma."

"That is very true, my daughter. We should have a

'Little heaven below,'

as your favourite hymn says."

"Oh, I wish I was all good, and never could do wrong again," said Dora. "How can I be good, aunt Margaret?"

"By obeying all the rules of the Bible, my dear."

"And that is why people read the Bible. I always thought it was just because they *must* read it."

"And now you see why all who are really trying to do right, study the rules that are given to them here. You never could be obedient if you did not know what you were expected to do."

"How different the Bible seems now, aunt Margaret. I do not think it at all tiresome. And Sunday—I used to hate Sunday so."

Before I finish this little story, I must tell you what an agreeable surprise Dora had, when her father arrived that afternoon. He told her, that with her aunt's permission, she was to remain always with her cousins, until she was large enough to go to boarding-school. He saw that she was happier there, and he knew that she could not have a better teacher than Mrs. Elliott.

Every one in the house was pleased with this decision, and Dora's papa promised to come very often to visit her. There were many more Bible lessons in Mrs. Elliott's room, and some very pleasant ones when Lewis and Henry paid another visit, at the end of the term. Dora could never be grateful enough to her kind aunt, who had made Sunday a happy instead of a weary day; and the pretty Bible which she received on her next birthday, has been read and re-read many times.

THE END.

X GRIN 7 23 08
C - D -

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 065667476